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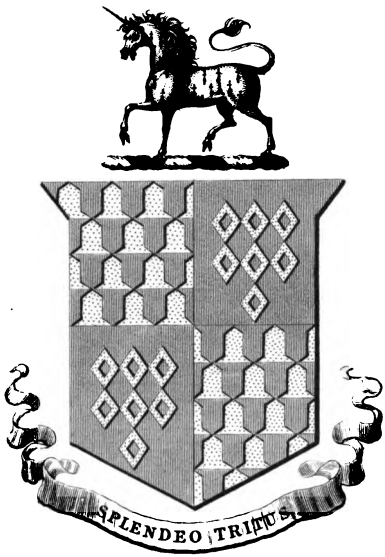

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THE

LAKE OF KILLARNEY:

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By ANNA MARIA PORTER

AUTHOR OF OCTAVIA, WALSH COLVILLE, &c.

Th' appearance is againſt me; and I go
Unjuſtified, for ever from your ſight.
How I have loved, you know; how *yet* I love,
My only comfort is, I know myſelf.

DRYDEN.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1804.

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THE

LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Charlemont was once more reſtored to ſenſation, and Roſe beheld him ſafe in the care of the good Mr. ONiel, ſhe haſtened up ſtairs to viſit the poor man, whoſe ſad condition ſeemed to require the ſame benevolent attentions: ſhe found him attended by the butler and two women ſervants, who had already waſhed off the blood which had flowed from a large gaſh upon his head. Poſſeſſing ſtrength enough to give her ſome account of the accident, he told it in theſe words.—

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" It was quite duſkiſh, my lady, and I was picking up ſome bog-wood that had been dropped out on the road by a car; when I heard ſomebody call out to me, and looking up, ſaw a gentleman in full gallop coming ſtraight upon me: in my haſte to get out of the way, I fell over a large ſtone, and the gentleman, God bleſs him! trying to ſave me, I reckon, pulled in his horſe, and was throwing himſelf off, when the horſe fell upon both of us—and then, I don't know what became of me: I ſuppoſe the flint-ſtone cut my head.—Heaven bleſs the good young gentleman! I hope he isn't hurt?"

Roſe could ſcarcely anſwer. " I know not where he is hurt," ſaid ſhe, in a voice broken by tears, " but he is indeed very ill. It was he that brought you hither, in his arms; and perhaps it is only the fatigue of doing ſo which has

over-

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overcome him." Before ſhe could proceed the ſurgeon entered: he had been taken to Charlemont's room, but as Charlemont perſiſted in having the wounds of the poor ſtranger dreſt firſt, Dr. Boyd was now come to ſee and to examine them. A deep cut near the temple, which had bled profuſely, was the only injury he had ſuſtained. Charlemont's hurt was more ſevere: in his attempts to ſave the man, he had ſprained his left ſhoulder; and received upon it, in addition, a violent contuſion.

The pain reſulting from theſe circumſtances, and ſome dreadful bruiſes, joined to the exertion of having run with his fellow-ſufferer in his arms for above a mile, had totally exhauſted his ſtrength; and when the ſurgeon had adminiſtered what relief he could, he left him in a ſtate of almoſt torpid inſenſibility. No one would retire to bed. Mr. ONiel watch-

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ed anxiously by the side of his dear Felix, while Rose and Mrs. Hester sat in an anti-chamber, listening with aching hearts to his quick and interrupted breathing. The servants, who all loved Mr. Charlemont, stole alternately to his door to hear if he still slept, and then, moving softly to the wounded stranger, comforted his sleepless pillow by this consoling intelligence.

When Charlemont awoke the next day, his eyes met those of Captain Fitzpatrick, who was sitting silent and solitary by his bed-side: he stretched out his hand to him. "How good you are!" said he, in a languid voice, "but why came you here!"—"To see *you*;" replied the other, pressing his hand affectionately, but yet as if fearful of hurting him. "My servant heard of your accident in Killarney, before I was up, and soon made me leave my bed. I have been here

here theſe three hours: but, tell me, are you better?"—"Yes, I dare ſay I am;" replied Charlemont, "I have ſlept a great deal; and, though my ſhoulder and ſide are dreadfully painful, I think I ſhall ſoon get over it: but where are Mr. ONiel and his good ſiſter?"—"Gone to bed. I took Mr. ONiel's ſtation here, and ſent them both to get a little ſleep: but Roſe has ſat up all night, and refuſes to follow their example." Charlemont's pale cheek glowed ſuddenly at the name of Roſe; his heart became agitated by a thouſand contradictory and tumultuous feelings. He felt himſelf, in imagination, again held in her trembling arms, and liſtening to her pitying voice; he found the dangerous idea of his being dear to her inſinuating itſelf into his ſoul; and when he looked on the ingenuous countenance

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of the amiable Fitzpatrick, he ſhuddered at his own ingratitude.

Fitzpatrick, unconſcious of what was paſſing in the mind of his friend, reſumed the converſation.—"I ſhall ſcold her well, if ſhe don't lie down ſome time before dinner: ſhe looks as pale as a ghoſt; and we muſt not have her loſe her beauty through compaſſionating *you*."—"I will never attempt to intereſt her heart more than I ought to do, believe me." Charlemont ſpoke theſe words with an energy which ſurpriſed Fitzpatrick, who looked at him with a ſmile; but not exactly comprehending their meaning, ſaid in a gay tone, "O! very well; I'll take your word." Charlemont, now fully convinced that there was an engagement between Fitzpatrick and Miſs De Blaquiere, drew a deep ſigh, and turned upon his pillow.

The

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The heavy ſigh, and the cloſed eyes of Charlemont made Fitzpatrick think him worſe; and he repeated his inquiries with the tendereſt ſolicitude. "I am weak and in pain, I confeſs," replied he; "for the horror I endured while carrying that poor man in my arms, the pain of doing ſo, and the extreme exertion of running ſo far, whilſt hardly able to ſupport myſelf, have made me amazingly low. Mr. ONiel told me during the night, that the man is leſs hurt than I am; is it true?"—"It is; upon my word it is;" returned Fitzpatrick, "I ſaw him an hour ago, and he is much better—nay, he was well enough to give me an account of the accident." Charlemont raiſed his eyes with gratitude to heaven; then proceeded to tell Fitzpatrick, that after having accompanied Lord Glenroy as far as L——, he had ſtaid to dine there, and was returning ra-

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ther late home, when the event took place which had terminated ſo unfortunately.

This converſation was ſoon after interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Boyd, and the preſence of Mr. ONiel. As the ſurgeon ſtrenuouſly inſiſted upon his patient being kept quiet, every body quitted his room except Fitzpatrick, who obſtinately perſiſted in remaining by his bedſide; even ſwearing that he would not ſpeak, but only ſit to watch his friend, and to give him the fever-draughts which Dr. Boyd had ordered. Charlemont heard the voice of Roſe anxiouſly aſking after him, in the anti-room, and he languiſhed to ſee her; but his eyes wiſhfully caſt towards the door was all the expreſſion he dared diſplay of his feelings. He was ſoon after left to his own mournful reflections, as the ſurgeon and Mr. ONiel retired; and Captain Fitzpatrick, cloſing the

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the curtains which fronted the window, took up a book and religiouſly obſerved his promiſe of ſilence.

There was ſomething in this young man's conduct which pierced Charlemont to the ſoul: he recollected the almoſt-arrogant contempt with which he had firſt conſidered and treated him; and he now deſpiſed himſelf for having regulated his opinion of Fitzpatrick's ſenſibility, by the inaccuracy of his taſte and opinions. He ſaw, that however that young man might reaſon, he could feel exquiſitely; and that to watch by and aſſiſt *him* ſeemed to conſole his lively nature for all the ſtupid inactivity to which he was voluntarily doomed. The fact was, Charlemont had ſeen Captain Fitzpatrick through a darkened medium; having formed the wiſh to diſlike him, his rapid nature ſoon created arguments for doing ſo.

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Fitzpatrick *was* unreflecting, volatile, and somewhat vain; he was now and then foolishly intoxicated by personal admiration, and often neglected, in attending to it, the society of the serious and enlightened. His education having been liberal, he was however not ignorant; yet his mind had not been much matured by thought, and therefore exposed him frequently to the odium of holding absurd or contradictory opinions; but his heart was excellent: his attachments were unshakeable though sudden; his religion sincere, and boldly avowed; his admiration of virtue warm and eloquent: a few interviews were sufficient to gain for him the love of the good, and to ensure to him the indulgence of the wise. Charlemont now saw all this, and, justly ashamed of his own hasty decision, resolved to make atonement by the strictest honour and the truest affection.

Satis-

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Satisfied with the propriety of such a reſolution, he determined on withdrawing from the faſcinations of Roſe, and leaving her to the poſſeſſion of a man whom he now believed fully qualified to render her happy.

The continued conduct of Fitzpatrick contributed ſtill more to heighten the eſteem which Charlemont, in common with every other branch of the ONiel family, found daily increaſing towards him. He participated very ſincerely in the joy which was occaſioned by a countermand of the regiment into which Charlemont had exchanged, and exerted himſelf powerfully to perſuade the latter to obtain leave of abſence for at leaſt a month longer. The mingled reproaches and ſolicitations of Mr. ONiel, joined to the little proſpect of a ſpeedy recovery, forced Charlemont to yield to theſe entreaties; and he reconciled himſelf to

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the danger of ſeeing Roſe continually, by vainly imagining that the virtues of Fitzpatrick would be an incentive to his fortitude.

During the firſt week of Charlemont's confinement to his chamber, Miſs de Blaquiere (who ſhunned the apartment becauſe Fitzpatrick was there) occupied herſelf in attending upon the poor ſtranger. He was, at this period, well enough to walk about the houſe; and therefore ſhe found herſelf able to leave Caſtle-Connel for ſeveral hours at a time, devoting them to the Ducheſs de Rouſſillon and her daughter. The former, in conſequence of unuſually mild weather, was much recovered; and Gabrielle ſeemed to have triumphed over her diſtreſs, and reſumed her natural cheerfulneſs. This was not, in reality, the caſe: her nights were paſt in tears; her days in the painful endeavour of concealing their traces.

After

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After one of Miſs de Blaquiere's viſits to her friend, ſhe was returning home through a lane ſeldom frequented, when the ſound of voices behind made her turn round. They proceeded from two men in ſailors' habits, who, calling upon her to ſtop, made quickly towards her. The manner, the looks, the expreſſions of theſe people, filled her with unuſual fear: in a moment all the danger of her ſituation paſſed through her mind. The lane ſhe was in was far from any houſe; it was above a mile in length, and terminated at one end amongſt the mountains; at the other by the moſt ſolitary ſhore of the Lake. She was alone and defenceleſs, and theſe men appeared, from their language, as if they were intoxicated. Electrified with terror ſhe turned round, and ran with all her ſpeed towards the Orator. One of the ſailors immediately leaped into ſome fields to make a ſhort

cut

cut to the ſhore; while the other walked deliberately forward to intercept her, if ſhe turned from that direction.

A dreadful horror now took poſſeſſion of her ſoul: ſhe ſtopped; and gazing wildly about, like a hunted deer, attempted vainly to ſhriek aloud. One of the men was now in ſight: ſhe flew from ſide to ſide, with a ſenſation almoſt amounting to madneſs; while ſhe heard him ſay—"Don't be a fool! you cannot get away." Theſe words only redoubled her fears; and flying from him, round a ſharp angle of the lane, ſhe found herſelf ſuddenly caught in ſome one's arms. It was Fitzpatrick, who needed not a more expreſſive language than her wild looks, to ſay ſhe was in danger: he conjured her to rouſe herſelf, while he drew his ſword, and prepared to defend her. The ſailor that had now come up, aimed a blow at him with

with a cutlaſs; but Fitzpatrick parried it with equal ſkill and ſtrength, and ſnatching up the fainting Roſe in one arm, held his ſword in the other, and ran with her down the lane. At the bottom of it, they found a party of fiſhermen, waſhing their nets: aſſured of ſafety, by their number, Fitzpatrick leaned againſt a bank to reſt himſelf, ſeating Roſe upon a heap of turf. The account which ſhe gave of theſe ſailors, joined to Fitzpatrick's recollection of having paſſed a man much muffled up, who reminded him of Mr. Walpole, induced them immediately to believe, that this affair had its origin in his ſlighted paſſion. Roſe ſhuddered, as the conviction preſſed upon her mind; and taking the friendly arm of Fitzpatrick, ſhe walked home with him, in an exſtacy of gratitude.

Whilſt Miſs de Blaquiere was relating, with ſickening recollection, the morning adventure,

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adventure, to her reſpectable protectors, Fitzpatrick was pouring into the ear of Charlemont, the ſame wonderful narrative. Gratitude ſtifled the pang, which quivered for a moment in his breaſt, as he liſtened to the reſcue of Roſe: he had already reſigned himſelf to the idea of relinquiſhing her, and he now warmly rejoiced, that Fitzpatrick had rendered himſelf ſo much more worthy of her heart.

Theſe thoughts made him hear, with a tender ſort of melancholy, the deſcription of Miſs de Blaquiere's alarm; but when he heard Fitzpatrick mention, the probability of theſe ſailors having been hired for the purpoſe, and drew out of him the whole hiſtory of Mr. Walpole, and his own miſconception, the heart of Charlemont became convulſed with joy. His eager queſtions, rapid utterance, and ſparkling countenance, clearly convinced

Fitzpatrick

Fitzpatrick of what he had before been too unobſervant even to ſuſpect; and that amiable young man ſoon found means to diſperſe every apprehenſion from Charlemont, of Roſe having loved, or even eſteemed the imperious Walpole.

Agitated almoſt to agony with hope, Charlemont diſmiſſed Fitzpatrick after dinner, with ſo cordial a ſhake of the hand, that it made Fitzpatrick ſmile: he then delivered himſelf up to all the luxury of anticipation; a luxury which is, perhaps, the only happy feeling in our exiſtence.

When the ſurgeon viſited Charlemont in the evening, he found his pulſe quick, his hand feveriſh, and his cheek burning with unuſual colour: a few hours of uncontrouled agitation, (to which he had reſigned himſelf, without any of the dread

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dread that had before operated to ſubdue his impetuous nature) had done away the effect of a week's reſignation. The next day had been fixed upon for him to leave his bed, but he was now forbidden; and though he murmured impatiently, Dr. Boyd remained firm.

When Roſe approached his bed the next morning, to expreſs her concern at his increaſed indiſpoſition, Charlemont, for the firſt time ſince the accident, ſtretched out his hand, and took her's. The emotion he was in, deprived him of the power of utterance; but his lips preſſed with ardour upon the hand he held, ſtartled Miſs de Blaquiere. The bluſhes which covered her cheeks, and the confuſion which glowed in her eyes, conveyed a delicious meaning to the boſom of Charlemont: he would have kiſſed her trembling hand again, but

ſhe

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ſhe haſtily withdrew it, and abaſhed by the expreſſion of his countenance, quitted the room.

While the bluſhes which this event had cauſed, were yet burning on her face, Fitzpatrick came to Caſtle-Connel to take leave: a renewed order from his Colonel, that morning ſummoned him to Dublin, (to which place Mrs. Fitzpatrick was alſo going), and he quitted the ONiels, charged with a variety of meſſages to the family of Dunallon. Though Roſe ſincerely eſteemed Fitzpatrick, ſhe ſaw him depart with ſecret ſatisfaction; but Charlemont, who loved, becauſe he had injured him, and who felt that inclination, as well as gratitude, would bind him to the affectionate officer, for the remainder of their exiſtence, found his ſpirits ſink, as he heard his horſe's feet echoing along the road, which paſſed under his chamber-window.

He

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He was rouſed from this regret by the appearance of Mr. ONiel, who, unable to reſiſt the entreaties of the poor ſtranger, had brought him into Charlemont's room, to ſee and thank his preſerver. The man fell immediately upon his knees, and burſt into tears. The ſenſibility of the Iriſh peaſantry is generally extreme; Charlemont, long unuſed to any thing but the baſhful, retiring gratitude of the Engliſh, was now much affected by the energetic expreſſions of this uneducated creature; he bade him riſe, and enquiring kindly after his health and ſituation, drew from him a confeſſion of his former wretchedneſs.

Dermot's ſtory contained little more than an account of the age and poverty of his mother, whoſe exiſtence he had preſerved till lately, by weaving; but having ſold his loom to defray the charges of an illneſs into which ſhe had fallen,

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fallen, he had become reduced to the ſevereſt diſtreſs; in the midſt of which, the late unfortunate accident had overtaken him.

"I am ſure," ſaid Charlemont, ſtarting from his pillow, as the poor fellow mentioned his mother, "that I deſired ſome one, the very night I brought you here, to find out your friends, and aſſure them of your ſafety. Was this done?"

"Och! and ſure but it was, plaſe your Honour!" replied Dermot, with a low bow, "and my mother has been to ſee me; and ſhe bid me give her duty to your Honour, for the money you ſent her. Not that ſhe wanted it, plaſe your Honour, becauſe Miſs has been very good to her; and I ſhall be able to dig potatoes very ſoon. Och! and I don't care for this great big cut at all at all; I only take on, becauſe of your Honour being ſo bad."

"I am

"I am much better, my good fellow," returned Charlemont, "and I hope Mr. ONiel will oblige me, by ſuffering you to ſtay at Caſtle-Connel till you are quite recovered."—"Faith! but I'll ſtay for ever, plaſe your Honour!" cried Dermot eagerly, "I'll live and die with your Honour, if you've no objection to Dermot M'Culloch: my poor old mother would bleſs you all day on her knees, if you'd only let me look after your horſes, or clane your ſhoes, or run your errands, plaſe your Honour. May I never do an ill turn, if I'm not as honeſt as the babe unborn."

Charlemont looked at Mr. ONiel (to whom Dermot had turned as he concluded the laſt ſentence), and reading approbation in his benevolent countenance, he made the Iriſhman completely happy, by promiſing to provide for his mother, and to retain him as his groom.

The

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The ſatisfaction reſulting from the performance of a generous action, ſoothed the before-agitated nerves of Charlemont; the evening paſſed in converſation with Mr. ONiel, and the night in ſo ſound a ſleep, that Dr. Boyd gave him permiſſion the next day to riſe.

A general joy diffuſed itſelf through Caſtle-Connel, when the favourite of every creature within it, was again ſeated at the breakfaſt parlour. Mrs. Heſter made him take a jelly from her own hands; and Dermot, evincing no remains of his accident, but a large black patch, ran into the room, whenever a ſervant was ſummoned by the bell.

Roſe ſaw, with thankfulneſs, the man moſt dear to her in life, once more reſtored to her prayers; and whenever his head was turned from her, ſhe ran over, with an eager gaze, all the lines of his altered, but ſtill intereſting countenance.

Charlemont

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Charlemont was wrapped in a looſe dreſſing-gown, over which his dark hair fell in careleſs maſſes: his left arm was tied in a crape ſling, and his features, ſaddened with languor and paleneſs, were no longer animated by the varying ſplendours of his now dimmed and lingering eyes. The preſence of Roſe, who (true to the ſtrange inconſiſtency of love), ſeemed almoſt indifferent to his appearance, had chilled all the warm hopes of his heart; he dreaded her diſpleaſure at his late freedom, and gradually ſinking into depreſſion, as ſhe ſeized every opportunity for quitting the room; at length found himſelf ſo wholly wretched, that he pleaded wearineſs, and retired early to his chamber.

Roſe was indeed alarmed at the unequivocal expreſſion which had appeared in the face of Charlemont, on the morning after her frightful adventure. She trembled

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trembled at the idea of being ſuſpected of an attachment, (for which, however, ſhe had no occaſion to bluſh) and reſolved, whatever it might coſt her, to check the ſuſpicion in his breaſt, and ſtrenuouſly to perſevere in the reſolution which ſhe had formerly taken, of cruſhing the paſſion in her own. For this purpoſe, ſhe aſſumed an indifference, which ſhe never was to feel, but which quieted the apprehenſions of the ONiels, and totally annihilated the fond hopes of Charlemont. Some days paſſed in active, but deceitful cheerfulneſs on her ſide, and profound melancholy on his; interrupted only by letters from Fitzpatrick and Lord Glenroy.

Charlemont was now conſiderably recovered; and Mr. ONiel leaving him ſeated with a volume of Oſſian, went in the carriage with Mrs. Heſter, to pay a viſit to the Dutcheſs de Rouſſillon,

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Roſe, ignorant of this arrangement, entered the parlour ſoon after they had left it, ſhe ſeated herſelf with apparent compoſure, and taking up ſome work, enquired where her aunt and uncle were. Charlemont, whoſe heart had begun to beat violently, the moment ſhe appeared, ſcarcely lifted his eye from the book, whilſt he told her that they were gone to Killarney. In conſternation at the length of time which ſhe was then condemned to paſs alone with Charlemont, Roſe heſitatingly begged him to read aloud: he obeyed; and for ſome minutes contrived to murder the beautiful poem of Oithona, without exciting in his ſelf-occupied companion any ſurpriſe. At length confuſed by his miſtakes, agitated by his wandering thoughts, and breathleſs with precipitation, Charlemont ſhut the book; and apologizing with a deep bluſh for ſuch bad reading, hurried out of

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of the room. The conſcious girl left behind, had partaken too largely in all his emotions, to wonder at their effect. She remembered, with bitter mortification, the unkind, but perhaps juſt remarks of Lady Dunallan; and almoſt believed, that the inconſiſtencies of Mr. Charlemont, aroſe from the ſtruggles of pride with inclination. At this idea her heart ſwelled indignantly; and ſhe was riſing to retire, when Charlemont reentered. He approached the ſeat from which ſhe had riſen, and ſtood as if fearful, yet anxious to addreſs her.

His fluctuating colour, irreſolute eyes, and faultering voice, could but faintly deſcribe the violence of his emotion. Roſe beheld with a tenderneſs, which her late indignation was inſufficient to extinguiſh. She was, however, paſſing him to quit the place, when he timidly caught her hand, and inſtantly relin-

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quiſhing it, ſaid, " Will you forgive me Miſs de Blaquiere, if in this moment of agitation which I have ill-attempted to conceal, I beſeech you to pardon me for a liberty never authorized by your conduct? My impetuous gratitude, and the joy of ſeeing you again after that ſtrange adventure, were the ſole cauſes of this. I have obſerved your coolneſs towards me ever ſince, with a grief which no one ever felt ſo entirely before." He pauſed; then added in a ſtifled voice, " Oh, Roſe! I have ſeen you too long, I have loved you too well for my future peace."

Miſs de Blaquiere (who ſaw in this unſatisfactory declaration, only an avowal of what Lady Dunallan had ſo carefully inſtilled into her mind), anſwered, by an attempt to paſs him; ſaying at the ſame time, " I beg you will ceaſe, ſir! pray ſuffer me to leave you." Charlemont

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bowed with a mournful air, and moved from her; but as he laid his trembling hand upon the door, he said, in an agitated tone, while his countenance became as pale as death, "I obey you, madam; my passion, though eternal, is neither presumptuous nor persecuting. Suffer me however to say, that I owed it to my own honour, as well as to my own wishes, that you should receive from the man, whose unguarded behaviour had evinced so much love, an offer of that heart and hand, which never *has*, and which now never *shall* be offered to another."

He was opening the door, when a sudden gush of tears, which fell from the eyes of Rose, arrested his steps: he hastened towards her, and though she endeavoured to hide with her handkerchief the rapturous expression, which conviction of his worth still more than his at-

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tachment had ſpread over her countenance, yet he ſaw enough to animate his boſom with revived hope. He then flung himſelf at her feet; and rivetting for a moment his lips to her paſſive hand, ſoon drew out of her a confirmation of that happineſs which this ſenſibility ſeemed to promiſe. The contradictions of his conduct, the coldneſs of her's, were now fully explained. They poured out their ſouls together, and quickly forgot, in the bliſsful idea of being united eternally, that they muſt part ſoon; perhaps never to meet again.

Mr. ONiel and his ſiſter, ſurprized them together: the former was too buſy in relating to Charlemont the increaſed illneſs of the Dutcheſs de Rouſſillon, to notice the inattentive and fluttering manner of his too happy auditor. Mrs. Heſter, after ſome melancholy preſages of future ſorrow for Madame de Ville-

mar,

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mar, quitted the parlour; and Roſe, anxious to be alone, ſeized the opportunity of immediately following.

It was then that Charlemont, with the impatience and impetuoſity natural to his character, related to Mr. ONiel the event of the morning; and ſolicited, with eagerneſs, his conſent to an immediate union with Roſe. "If I leave my country," ſaid he, his eyes dimmed with mourniful anticipation, "probably I ſhall never return to it. Ah! let me then have the delicious certainty of her being mine, to ſooth the pangs of danger or of death!"—"And could you, my dear Felix," replied Mr. ONiel, "could you enjoy any happineſs in the bitter thought of leaving her a widow? of blighting all her coming proſpects, by appropriating her to your memory? You *muſt* know this *would* be the caſe. Could you gather any comfort from the thought of

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having attached her to a family, which would never acknowledge, never protect her? No, my dear boy, if you are doomed to go abroad, you muſt go as her lover, not her huſband. What is it you fear? Do you think ſhe will forget you? Do you believe her capable of ſuch deſpicable inconſtancy?"

"Oh, Sir! you have never loved," exclaimed Charlemont. "I declare to you, that I think her as excellent as ſhe is beautiful; but yet my reſtleſs heart will never know one inſtant's peace, while it is in the power of accident to ſeparate us. Ah! you are unacquainted with the thouſand improbable fears which agitate the man that loves."

Mr. ONiel ſhook his head. "This is nonſenſe, Felix! you cannot do juſtice to the merit of Roſe de Blaquiere, if you doubt her for a moment."

"I tell you, ſir," replied Charlemont, "that

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"that my whole ſtudy, my whole delight, ſince I have lived in Caſtle Connel, has been the inveſtigation of her character: every day has diſcovered ſome new virtue to me; every day has confirmed my former admiration. But perhaps you do not approve of our union at any rate."

"Headlong, unjuſt creature!" ſaid Mr. O'Niel, with a ſmile, "muſt I recall to your mind how long, and how much I have loved you! Come, come, ſit down, and be reaſonable, and tell me, as I *do* give my conſent to your marriage at ſome happier period, what will be your plan of conduct towards your family."

Charlemont, with a more compoſed air, took a ſeat.

"I will certainly inform my father of my intention; but I ſhall not conſider his approbation as of any conſequence.

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Surely I am of an age to judge for myſelf. I am willing to fall from ſplendour into lowlineſs, ſince I am now maſter of a lieutenant's commiſſion only, and that little eſtate which my mother gave me when a boy. Roſe is ready to ſhare this humble life with me. Ah! ſhe has a heart made for peace rather than pleaſure, and mine will beat only to beſtow it on her."

"Were you as poor in wealth as you are rich in goodneſs," replied Mr. ONiel, "you ſhould have my dear Roſe, with the ſincereſt bleſſing of my ſoul into the bargain. I repeat again, that ſhe is yours; and I will take care that ſhe ſhall come to you as the niece of Roderick ONiel ought to do. I have a heap of duſty gold, which you and ſhe will know much better than I could do, how to diſpoſe of."

Charlemont put his hand to his lips. "Forgive me, beſt of friends, if I refuſe the

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the latter part of this generous offer. I know that Rose has no *natural* claim to any part of your property; she has unfolded to me the full extent of your goodness to her most cruelly orphan state."

"Generous, dear girl!" exclaimed Mr. ONiel, his face flushing with surprised delight; "how noble! to be herself the informer of so mysterious a tale. I was about to tell you of it myself, Felix, though I am conscious her misfortune could never be a fault in your eyes. I have ever loved her as my niece, and *as* my niece she *must* be portioned."

"O no, my dear Sir!" interrupted Charlemont, "whilst I live, and she is mine, she shall not rob the benevolent hand that has supported her: should it please heaven to take me from her, to your affectionate heart will I then resign my widow."

"Widow, and death! What miserable images!" cried Mr. ONiel, infected

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by the ſudden mournfulneſs of Charlemont, "Is not the regiment countermanded? and are you not likely to remain ſafe at home after all? You don't, ſurely, look for an apoplectic fit, or a doſe of poiſon?"

"Nay then, Sir," interrupted Charlemont, "if you are ſo certain that I ſhall not be called upon to go abroad, I tell you very fairly, that nothing ſhall prevent me from calling my deareſt Roſe mine, long before I am forced to join my regiment at Cork."

"Well! take your own way," ſaid Mr. ONiel, wholly vanquiſhed, "I am a fool to think of arguing with you; for, though you never produce one reaſon that's worth a hollow nut, yet you always find ways and means of getting me to do juſt what you wanted. But mark me, proud Sir! As your expectations from your uncle are very great, and as you are, conſequently, not ſo likely to be a poor

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a poor lieutenant all your life, I muſt *inſiſt* upon conſidering Roſe as my child, and doing for her accordingly. Come, come; no oppoſition. If you refuſe this, I withdraw my conſent."

Charlemont's heart was too full for utterance; he could only bow: and Mr. ONiel, taking the motion of gratitude for that of acquieſcence, haſtened out of the room to unboſom himſelf to his ſiſter.

CHAP.

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CHAPTER VII.

WHY ſhould we attempt to deſcribe the ſentiments which animated Roſe and Charlemont? The deep ſtill ſtream of happineſs is too profound to be fathomed; alas! it is but ſeldom ſeen, and can therefore neither be painted nor recognized.

Roſe flew to pour into the confiding breaſt of Gabrielle the delightful ſtory of her attachment; and Charlemont, by writing to Lord Glenroy a refutation of his opinions, and an account of his proſpects, prepared for his diſtant friend the only gleam of enjoyment which he was then deſtined to experience.

The old halls of Caſtle Connel were now the witneſſes of perfect bliſs. Charlemont,

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mont, glowing with renewed health, both of body and mind, presented to his admiring friends all the brilliancy of his character: when obscured by indignation or despondence, this splendour was but partially seen; but now, when a long stretch of sunny life seemed to spread before him, his kindling genius, his intense sensibility, illuminated every moment, ennobled every pleasure. Rose, as she walked with him in moonlight nights, by the side of the Lake, while she leaned on his arm, and drank in with rapt attention the sublime truths which the starry firmament suggested, often raised her swimming eyes to heaven; and a thrill, half agony, half ecstacy, has passed through her heart.

Sometimes, when colder winds prevailed, they would be seated by the warm hearth in the oak parlour; and Charlemont, reading to them some favourite poem,

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poem, or ſome rapid production of his own, would turn his ſoul-filled eyes towards Roſe, whenever ſome deſcription which ſhe realized, or ſome ſentiment which ſhe had awakened, fell from his lips.

A fortnight glided away in this dream of delight, during which time Charlemont had not received any anſwer to a ſhort letter which he had addreſſed to his father: he heard often from Lord Glenroy and Fitzpatrick, whoſe epiſtles had lately become more and more melancholy. Roſe, to whom he communicated this, gueſſed too well the ſtate of both their hearts; but ſhe did not conſider herſelf authorized to betray the confidence of Gabrielle, or to diſſeminate her ſuſpicions of poor Fitzpatrick's ill-ſtarred affection.

A freſh leave of abſence had been obtained from Charlemont's colonel, and he

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he was now ſo urgent for the celebration of the happy day of their marriage, that Roſe could not long reſiſt his intreaties: ſhe promiſed to become his wife at the expiration of the enſuing ſix weeks.

There remained only two of theſe tedious weeks unexpired, when Roſe and Charlemont ſat together in a ſolitary room in Caſtle Connel, converſing upon the ſtrange ſilence of their Dublin friends, from whom all epiſtolary communication had ceaſed for near a fortnight. Dermot's entrance put an end to their diſcourſe: he came with a couple of letters, one of which had been brought by the poſt; the other he gave into his maſter's hand, ſaying, an anſwer was earneſtly requeſted, and waited for below. Charlemont opened this paper, read it with perturbation, haſtily thruſt it into his pocket, and gave ſome meſſage to Dermot in a low voice. The other letter he un-

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uncloſed, while his cheek was ſtill crimſoned with an agitation which Roſe ſaw, but did not obſerve. This laſt epiſtle came from Lord Glenroy; and as Charlemont, after peruſing it himſelf, gave it to Roſe, ſhe read the following words:—

Dublin.

"I am at this inſtant, my deareſt Charlemont, the moſt miſerable man upon the face of the earth! An event has happened which I ſhall never recollect without ſelf-reproach; never hear of without ſhame.

A fortnight ago, Miſs Bellingham left her father's houſe: I have been the cauſe of it. I have brought diſgrace on her family; and though, by the fulleſt confeſſion of my own errors, (ariſing from an attachment which I laboured to

over-

overcome, and concealed even from *you*.) Though by that I ſought to eraſe this ſeeming blot from her noble character, I am unable to do ſo.

Read the incloſed, which was given into my hands the day of her elopement; and be aſſured that I ſhould have abhorred myſelf, if I had not immediately ſhown it to her mother.

The effects of a violent fever leave me ill able to anſwer your laſt moſt affectionate and joyful letter; heaven knows how ſincerely I wiſh you happy with the amiable Miſs De Blaquiere, though my own afflictions will not ſuffer me to expreſs that wiſh as I ought to do.

Adieu, my dear Felix! need I ſay how much I am

Your GLENROY."

Miſs

Miſs Bellingham to Lord Glenroy.

[Incloſed in the preceding.]

" In the deteſtation and perhaps contempt which my ſtrange conduct will circulate through my family and friends, I am not heroine enough to let *you* remain. To *you*, my dear Lord, I will moſt honeſtly and ſolemnly declare, that no improper levity, no diſhonourable inconſtancy, has been the motive for this elopement: I quit home to give you freedom. You once were very dear to me; too dear for both our comforts. Time, however, hath wrought ſtrange alteration in *you*; and I ſhould abhor myſelf if I were capable of forcing to the altar the man that was to ſwear there to love me for ever.

Your firſt behaviour, my Lord, at Mount Randal, made me ſuſpect your indifference; circumſtances confirmed the

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the ſuſpicion; and from that moment I reſolved never to become your wife. Selfiſh as I appeared formerly, I would not ſtep between you and happineſs. I ſtruggled to withdraw my heart; I did ſo; and, in giving as much of it as I could to Captain Fitzpatrick, truſt that I have enſured your peace without violating my own.

Do not reproach yourſelf, my dear Lord! with any fault; I only was to blame in receiving your almoſt extorted vows. My youth, my weakneſs, muſt plead for ſuch folly.

Farewell! forgive me—eſteem me—and do not accuſe yourſelf. I have already written to my dear mother, and therefore this letter muſt not be ſhewn to her: burn it, I beg of you.

Moſt ſincerely your friend,

FLORA BELLINGHAM."

Dublin.

The

The tears of compaſſion and admiration ſtood in the eyes of Charlemont, and fell from thoſe of Roſe. Various emotions preſſed upon her heart: hopes for Gabrielle, pity for Lord Glenroy, pleaſure for Fitzpatrick, and fears for the amiable Miſs Bellingham. She ſcarcely truſted her aſſurance of having withdrawn her affection from the intereſting viſcount, and trembled leſt ſhe ſhould find in the ceſſation of enthuſiaſtic ſacrifice all the torments of regret and tenderneſs.

When Charlemont retired to reply to his unfortunate friend, Roſe haſtened into the parlour to communicate to Mrs. Heſter the ſtrange intelligence from Dublin. The room was vacant; but ſhe found upon the table a letter directed to herſelf, which the poſt had brought, and had been left there by ſome inattentive ſervant. On opening it ſhe looked

at

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at the ſignature: it was from the eccentric ſubject of her thoughts, and ſigned Flora Fitzpatrick. At the firſt ſight of that name Roſe burſt into tears, and was unable for a few moments to decypher the hurried lines: at length ſhe read with a beating heart the following

LETTER:

"I THINK you love me, dear Miſs De Blaquiere:—at leaſt, your expreſſive eyes have ſaid ſo a thouſand times, and I can never doubt ſuch ingenuous orators.

Will you be glad to learn that I am married, and married to your amiable friend Captain Fitzpatrick?—I hope you will—for I proteſt he is very dear to me; and I declare that no movement of regret has once entered my heart ſince I reſolved to become his wife, and to leave my good Lord Glenroy as free as he could wiſh.

To

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To do juſtice to my affection for my dear Harry, to exonerate Lord Glenroy, and yet to ſave myſelf from the odium of unwarranted inconſtancy, I will very honeſtly give you a narrative of my engagement with his Lordſhip, as well as the motives which induced me to break it.

When I was between fifteen and ſixteen years of age, Lord Glenroy came over from Scotland to ſtay at my father's, perfectly ignorant of the deſire, which I have ſince heard was mutual in our families, of exciting an attachment between us. You know he is now very handſome; he was then a great deal more ſo, for he had a fine complexion, and a good ſtock of ſpirits. The loſs of both theſe articles, by the way, he may attribute to *me*. I found him as ſenſible as he was graceful; and as amiable as he was ſenſible: I was continually thrown in his way: I was told a vaſt deal more than

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than he ever ſaid of me, and at laſt fell violently in love with him.

" Now comes my ſhame, and his ſorrow.—My heart, rendered almoſt deſperate with a paſſion which I was not old or wiſe enough to know the neceſſity of concealing, was always ſpeaking in my face: when he came near me, I became dumb, I changed colour, I trembled; in ſhort, I was a fool! He pitied, but he did not love me; and, after having received frequent commands from his father to remain in Dublin, he came at laſt to the reſolution of diſobeying him. On the night previous to his departure I fell into dreadful fits: I was carried to my room, where I grew delirious; and, in ſhort, I ſuppoſe, the tears of my affectionate but ill-judging mother, the ravings of my wandering, but ſtill fond fancy, and the gentleneſs of his own nature, made Lord Glenroy bind himſelf in that

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fatal engagement which I long believed had been voluntary.

"After this event, he was kind beyond deſcription, and I ſhould then have become his wife, had not the will of my prophetically-prudent aunt, (who died about this period) powerfully weighed with our parents to defer our marriage.

"Lord Glenroy's letters from abroad were always animated and reſpectful, but not frequent: indeed I was contented with a ſingle line from him; and when I came to meet him at Mount Randal, it was with a boſom full of love and gratitude. I found him changed, pale, melancholy, and abſent. For the firſt hour my heart was palſied with the ſhock; but, aſſiſted by my natural ſpirits, and perhaps offended pride, I ſoon raiſed myſelf from it. I watched him when apparently leaſt attentive; and then rapidly decided upon never becoming his wife.

"When

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" When once this reſolution was taken, I applied myſelf to a cloſe obſervation of Captain Fitzpatrick, whoſe frank nature could not conceal that he preferred me to any other woman: I found him every day appear more amiable, more intereſting; I encouraged his viſits when he joined his regiment in Dublin, and in a ſolitary call, which he happened to make me a fortnight ago, I arranged the whole of this ſtrange flight.

" He had entered that day in very low ſpirits; and, after ſome ineffectual attempts at chearfulneſs, was at length compelled to ſay, 'that he could no longer viſit at my father's; that he had dared to love, when he thought that he only admired; and therefore, in honour to Lord Glenroy, and in reſpect for me, he ſhould never again venture into my preſence.' The affecting agitation of this dear creature, decided me in a

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moment; I answered him nearly in these words:—

"You have acted very nobly, Captain Fitzpatrick, and deserve not my gratitude merely, but my love. I will never marry Lord Glenroy. You shall hear excellent reasons for such a determination; and then, I hope, that you will joyfully take Flora Bellingham, her heart, her fortune, and her absurdities into the bargain."

"The raptures of my amiable Henry were too extravagant to be told; he knelt, and talked, and wept, and smiled, and kissed my hand twenty times in a breath; (O my dear! there is nothing like making these he-wretches despair a little;) he then departed to procure a fortnight's leave from his colonel, returned at night, carried me off, and here we are, irrevocably united.

"Fitz-

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" Fitzpatrick's family and fortune are too excellent to be justly despised by my father; and as I pleaded in the letter I left behind, that my youth, when I formed my first engagement, would excuse me to the world for having made a second, I hope we shall be received at home with more smiles than frowns.

" And now, Rose, what do *you* think of me? I trust that you do not consider that promise broken, which I gave you at Mount Randal: I have not surely done a reprehensible action, though it is a singular one. I have only made one happy who I have the vanity to believe would have been miserable without me; and I have given another man liberty who would have been as miserable with me. The deuce must be in him, if he don't marry your pretty Emigrée. Whenever that is the case, pray give my service to her, and tell her she may admit

me without any jealouſy to the friend-ſhip of her lord, as I am now tolerably certain that I ſhall have the beſt huſband of the two.

"O Flora! Flora! what a ſtrange heart is thine! Three months ago thou waſt devoted ſolely to the man thou canſt now relinquiſh. Do not deſpiſe me, my ſweet Roſe, for being ſuch a riddle: I know I am neither cold-hearted, nor ſelfiſh, nor fickle, nor yet quite unworthy to become your friend. Nobody loves you bettter than I do; love *me* but half as warmly, and it will amply ſatisfy

Your very attached,

"FLORA FITZPATRICK."

Denny Caſtle.

The air of perfect ſincerity, which appeared in the careleſs ſtile of this long letter, completely diſſipated the anxiety of

of Miſs De Blaquiere. She could not but admire the noble vigour of mind which the lively Flora had diſplayed, while at the ſame time ſhe wondered at her rapid tranſlation of attachment from one object to another. The expreſſions of affection for herſelf were truly welcome; Roſe had never before been ſo quickly or ſo intimately drawn to any woman, as to Miſs Bellingham: her friendſhip for Madame De Villemar had been progreſſive, that for Miſs Bellingham inſtantaneous; and now, when the character of that lady ſeemed to juſtify her eſteem, ſhe was elated as well as gratified.

There being nothing in this letter, except the name of Gabrielle, which it would be any violation of faith to ſhew to Charlemont, Roſe carried it to him, and read it aloud; ſhe purpoſely omitted the paragraph alluding to Madame De

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Villemar, and quitted him, after ſome interchange of endearing acknowledgments for this confidence, in order to enable him to communicate to Lord Glenroy the happy tidings of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's having indeed given her heart, where ſhe had beſtowed her hand.

Roſe ſoon afterwards left the aſtoniſhed Mr. ONiel talking with his ſiſter over the contents of the Dublin epiſtle; and proceeding in the carriage to the Dutcheſs de Rouſſillon's, found Gabrielle alone. As Roſe preſented her with Mrs. Fitzpatrick's letter, the ſad and ſelf-abſorbed Madame de Villemar caſt her melancholy eyes over the firſt lines, with a languor which only the name of Fitzpatrick could diſperſe. To her eager queſtion of "Who is the writer of this?" Roſe, with a flutter of ſpirits, rapidly articulated "Miſs Bellingham!"

Gabrielle turned pale, and attempted to

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to ſmile, as if incredulous of the aſſertion; but Roſe repeated it with redoubled energy, and then her friend, by a ſudden guſh of tears, evinced the conviction by which they were occaſioned.

It was ſome time before ſhe recovered herſelf enough to ſpeak; and then ſhe did ſo only to lament that Lord Glenroy's unhappy remembrance of her had rendered him ſo inſenſible to the nobleneſs of Miſs Bellingham. She found, with great confuſion, that her own attachment had not been concealed from the penetrating eye of the obſerving Flora; but that ſhe had diſcovered it in its full extent, and had alſo developed the more ſmothered agitation of Lord Glenroy.

Roſe would have baniſhed the mortification of this idea, by placing before the view of her friend the bright proſpect which a conviction of the Viſcount's conſtancy ſeemed to promiſe. She op-

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poſed to Gabrielle's objections of her preſent obſcurity, her now only-nominal rank and diminiſhed property; all the diſintereſtedneſs of Lord Glenroy, his ſtability and his tenderneſs. Gabrielle would not admit ſuch exceſs of hope; declaring that ſhe received ample ſatisfaction in the idea, that the man ſhe loved was again reſtored to freedom, and, ſhe truſted, to peace.

"For my own part," ſaid ſhe, caſting down her touching eyes, ſome tears dropping from them, "I have given up the phantom of happineſs entirely; my ſpirit is broken with what it has endured: the horrors of the revolution, the maſſacre of our friends, the death of my father, the wretched days which I paſſed with my huſband, this blighting attachment, and the fatal diſorder of my mother, have all weighed down my heart, never to riſe again. No, no, my deareſt Roſe, I have

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have now no joy in life, but the hope of leaving it."

"Oh, Gabrielle," cried Roſe, you are ungrateful in ſaying this: "Heaven has preſerved for you the life of your good aunt Fitzpatrick; it has long ſpared to you your mother; it promiſes you the poſſeſſion of one of the moſt excellent of men; and you have a friend, Gabrielle, who, though young and powerleſs, loves you dearly." She threw her arms round the neck of Madame de Villemar while ſhe ſpoke, who embraced her fervently.

"Well, my dear girl! I will not be ſo ungrateful again; I will truſt that the phyſicians in Dublin may be more ſkilful than they ſeem to be here. My mother is adviſed to go there for advice, and we ſet out in a few days."

"And will you go before" —— Roſe ſtopped; and looking down, her whole beautiful countenance was imme-

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diately covered with bluſhes: Madame de Villemar knew what ſhe would have added. Affectionately preſſing her hand, ſhe replied, "I had calculated upon always remembering that fortunate day, as one of the happieſt in my life; but I am not permitted to witneſs its celebration. I ſhall think of you, however, my dear Roſe; I ſhall pray for you. Need I ſay, that nothing but the urgent opinion of Dr. Boyd, and the precarious ſtate of my revered mother, would ever, for many reaſons, take me to the metropolis. My aunt will, of courſe, remain with us, as long as we ſhall ſtay. Her ſilence for this laſt fortnight had ſomewhat alarmed us; but I am now convinced, that ſhe believed her ſon guilty of a diſhonourable action, in taking Miſs Bellingham from the man to whom ſhe was betrothed, and therefore feared to agitate my mother by any part of the ſtory."

The

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The entrance of the Dutcheſs terminated the converſation: Gabrielle flew forward to take her mother's hand, and lead her to a ſeat; while Roſe contemplated them both with a pang of ſorrow. The majeſtic figure of the old lady ſeemed feebler than ever; her face, round which a ſmall crape hood was cloſely drawn, was paler than uſual: her eyes were, however, brightly ſerene, and her voice was ſtill gentle, affectionate, and encouraging. Roſe converſed with her a few moments, and then taking a farewell, which ſhe feared was the laſt they ſhould ever interchange, hurried down ſtairs to conceal her emotion.

When ſhe entered the eating-parlour in Caſtle-Connel, ſhe found the dinner juſt put upon the table. Charlemont had been impatient at her long ſtay, and could only be pacified by a promiſe to walk with him in the evening. In conſequence

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ſequence of this they went out together, after the deſert had been removed, leaving Mrs. Heſter to finiſh an intereſting novel, and Mr. ONiel to take his afternoon's nap.

The day had been uncommonly beautiful, (for it was now the firſt week in April) the evening was ſtill and balmy, Charlemont drew the hand of Roſe under his arm, and led her along the eaſtern bank of the Lake. The trees, dreſſed in the firſt ſoft verdure of ſpring, hardly trembled in the moveleſs air; the crocus, and other early flowers perfumed the path, as the foot preſſed them; and the birds, ſkimming acroſs the Lake, now and then dimpled its clear mirror. The ſun, juſt beginning to ſet, flamed over the oppoſite ſhore, and glittered upon the granite heights which fronted it. Charlemont pauſed for a moment to look at the ſcene: the lake, the mountains,

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mountains, the ſky, rich with illuminated clouds; the groupes of gay company walking along the banks; all conſpired to ſend delightful emotions to his heart: he ſpoke of it in raptures. Glorious pictures of yet more romantic ſcenery, painted by the celeſtial hand of Oſſian, ruſhed into his thoughts: and now repeating his beautiful lines, now eulogizing the proſpect, now liſtening to the remarks of Roſe, he continued to walk ſlowly along, till the ſcene became deſerted and dark, and the clouds faded from crimſon into a melancholy purple.

Soon as their ſolitary footſteps and voices were alone heard to break the profound ſtillneſs of the place, Charlemont preſſed the arm of Roſe cloſer to his heart, and began to diſcourſe upon the doubtful paſt and the enchanting future. While he gazed upon the kindling cheek of her he loved; while he

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felt the ſoft touch of her anſwering hand, he forgot every object but herſelf. He repeated, "She will be mine!" and found his heart tremble with a ſtrange fear, even while he repeated it. The fourteen days which had yet to paſs, before he could call her his for ever, agitated his impetuous ſoul; he ſought to make her ſhorten the allotted time; but ſhe was firm in denial, comforting him for the diſappointment, by the delight with which ſhe heard him deſcribe their future plan of life, and the frankneſs with which ſhe approved it.

The moon roſe upon this converſation; and as it quivered over the dark Lake, and the remoteſt ſtretch of its ſhores, Roſe reminded Charlemont of the time which they had ſpent; he turned homewards as ſhe ſpoke: but again, with all the eloquence of love, ſtrove to ſhorten the period which lay between him

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him and certainty. Roſe ſmiled as ſhe looked in his brilliant eyes, almoſt tearful with energy of entreaty; but remembering the inſulting ſpeeches of Lady Dunallan, and deſirous to appear rather too cold in delaying, than too eager in ſeizing the rank of Lord Roſcommon's daughter, ſhe gave him a poſitive, but gentle refuſal.

CHAP.

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CHAPTER VIII.

On the morning of the enſuing day, Charlemont went out alone; and, what was quite unuſual with him, did not ſay whither he was going. Roſe, as ſhe advanced to the door of her own room, which was not far from his, ſaw a letter lying open at her feet. She lifted it, and as ſhe folded the pages together, read unintentionally theſe words:—"Remember! I was once innocent, and *you* have made me vile." A confuſed tumult of ſuſpicions ruſhed upon her heart: the information of Lady Dunallan, till now forgotten, and the letter which Charlemont had ſo lately made a myſtery of, preſented themſelves like lightning to her mind: one fatal moment

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ment ſtained her honour and her peace; ſhe looked at the ſignature, it was a woman's: no longer having power to reſiſt the impulſe of virtuous jealouſy, ſhe ran into her chamber, and ſaw as follows:

To the Honourable Mr. Charlemont.

"Is it indeed true that you are going to be married? Am I to believe you capable of a baſeneſs which I ſhould lament far more than my own ſorrows? Oh, Felix! to bid you remember how you once loved me; how you tempted and betrayed me, would be vain. Alas! in the preſence of this beautiful Roſe de Blaquiere, *my* rights, my wrongs, are forgotten! But I conjure you, in the name of that helpleſs child that owes its exiſtence to your deceit, and my credulity, not to drive me to deſperation! Be aſſured that I will not ſurvive this marriage; or if I do, it ſhall only be to

ſhriek

ſhriek in the ears of your unhappy bride the ſtory of my ſhame.

"Remember I was once innocent, and *you* have made me vile!—I have never aſked for your hand, but I muſt retain your heart. Write to me then; nay, nay, come to me: if you do not I will not remain ſilent. "LOUISA."

Before Roſe had completely finiſhed this letter, it dropped from her hand, and ſhe ſunk ſenſeleſs upon the floor. She fell near an opened window, and would have remained, perhaps, much longer in a ſtate of inſenſibility, had not a tranſient ſhower of rain, which beat in upon her face, brought her to herſelf.

"For ſome time ſhe could not recollect what had afflicted her; but when her eyes fell on the hated letter, they ſtreamed with tears; and, dropping upon her knees, ſhe ſupplicated from Heaven that mental

mental ſtrength, which ſhe now found was ſo neceſſary to her heart.

The paſt, the preſent, and the future, appeared to her but as a dream. Charlemont was unworthy, was unfaithful, was unprincipled; no palliatives offered themſelves to her pure mind, while conſidering that this was the man whoſe virtues ſhe had idolized, and in whom ſhe had intended ſo ſoon to have repoſed all the comfort of her coming life.

Sometimes ſhe believed that he was innocent; that this paper had been written by ſome one, with an intention to thwart their happineſs; but then came the painful recollection of his diſordered eyes and crimſoned cheek, when he put it into his pocket, (for ſhe could not miſtake the hand-writing of the direction) as well as the perfect ſilence he had obſerved about its contents. Agonies of conviction followed, and ſhe

ſhuddered

ſhuddered at the idea of ever beholding him again.

When a couple of hours had nearly elapſed in theſe dreadful reveries, Roſe ſtarted from her ſeat, on hearing the barking of Charlemont's dog; ſhe opened the door, and heard Charlemont himſelf ſay, in a voice of eager fondneſs, "Where is Roſe?"—The tone penetrated to her ſoul; it ſounded like the muſic of truth; and wiping away her tears, ſhe ran with a ſoftened heart to ſee and to embrace him.

Something had ſaddened the expreſſion of his countenance; but it could not diminiſh the beautiful candour which was its nobleſt and lovelieſt characteriſtic: indeed it might be truly ſaid of Charlemont,

"He was all ſoul, and thro' his eyes it ſhone!"

Roſe believed in a moment that ſhe had wronged him; and when he ſtretched out

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out both his hands to take her's within them, ſhe longed to throw herſelf either at his feet or into his arms; there to confeſs, and to receive pardon for her ſtrange injuſtice.

At night, when the family retired to bed, Miſs de Blaquiere locked the letter from Louiſa in her cabinet, diſdaining to look at it again, and reſolving to ſhew Charlemont this vile forgery before ſhe became his wife, and to ſolicit, on her knees, his forgiveneſs of her diſhonourable conduct. Shame glowed on her cheek, and burned in her heart, while ſhe put up prayers for the beloved of her ſoul. She had triumphed over her fears for his rectitude, and now relying upon its eternity, ſhe ſunk into a profound ſleep.

The next poſt brought a ſecond letter from Mrs. Henry Fitzpatrick; it was full of pleaſing intelligence reſpecting herſelf

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herſelf and her huſband, as it informed Roſe that they had been in Dublin two days. She deſcribed her excellent mother's reception of them, with much ſenſibility; and ſeemed very ſanguine in believing, that through that good parent's agency, Mr. Bellingham and his ſon would be brought to conſider her once more, as a branch of their family. The laſt part of the letter ran thus:

"We have already got one of the beſt houſes in Dublin. Nothing can keep me out of my fortune you know; and therefore prepare, my dear Roſe, to find Fitzpatrick and me very ſplendid people. Every body knows that it was always my maxim not to *ſneak* through life. My mother-in-law was at firſt very much grieved about her ſon's elopement with an heireſs; and between you and I, did not half like her ſon's wife: but he has kiſſed her, and I have cajoled her, and

ſo

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ſo now we are the beſt friends in the world. Come to me, my fragrant Roſe! (why not fragrant as well as ſweet?) married or unmarried, I am ready to take you into my arms, and hug you into the bargain. By the way I have no notion of your marrying in ſuch a hurry; *I* had a pretty good excuſe, but you have none. Tell Mr. Charlemont, that in juſtice to his own merit, he ought to let you ſee all the *fine* men in Dublin, and then he will have ſome credit for retaining your heart; at preſent, he is a perfect Ferdinand to your Miranda. Why, my dear! Colonel Carysfort tells me he was violently in love with you: and young Lord Binden confeſſes *now*, that if he were to ſee you in Dublin vaſtly admired, he would lay his title at your feet! Do weigh an Honourable with a Baron, before you take the former. Poſitively you *muſt* come, and be the reign-

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ing goddeſs of the metropolis. I have ordered the pleaſanteſt apartments in my houſe to be prepared for your reception: write to me then but half a word of conſent, and my Harry, or any body elſe you like, ſhall be ſent down to fetch you.

"Moſt devotedly yours,

"FLORA FITZPATRICK."

Mr. ONiel liſtened to the gay effuſions of the attaching Flora, with ſincere ſatisfaction; but he ſhook his head at the concluſion of her letter, ſaying, "Aye, aye, it is natural enough for her to want you Roſe, but I ſhall not part with you. When once you belong to my mad-headed Felix, heaven knows where he may take you to." Roſe bluſhed, without anſwering; ſhe went into the hall to inquire for Charlemont, and found that he had been gone out ſome

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ſome time: ſhe retreated into the ſtudy with a diſordered heart.

While ſhe was earneſtly endeavouring to drive away the dark ſuſpicions which returned with freſh force upon her mind, ſhe heard him enter, and walk ſlowly up ſtairs: he ſighed profoundly, as he paſſed the room in which ſhe was ſtanding; and when he reached the gallery, leading to two different wings of the houſe, ſhe found that he did not turn towards the drawing-room, but ſhut himſelf into his own chamber.

Scarcely miſtreſs of herſelf, ſhe tied on a hat which lay in the ſtudy, and haſtened into the open air. The glittering ſky, the chearful birds, were now unobſerved by her; ſhe hurried, careleſs whither, ſeemingly anxious to fly from ſuſpicions which were undermining her confidence in Charlemont. In a lonely receſs between the mountains, ſhe

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was paſſed by a young woman in black, whom ſhe recollected to have ſeen, not far from the gates of Caſtle-Connel. The dreſs and air of this perſon were not common in the ſolitary parts of Killarney; they had both an appearance of refinement; and though the lady's face was ſomewhat concealed by a large muſlin bonnet, yet Roſe ſaw that it was handſome and dejected.

In a moment the jealous heart will unite the moſt improbable circumſtances. Roſe fancied that this ſtranger looked often upon her; and immediately connecting with that, the letter from Louiſa, believed that ſhe now ſaw the very woman before her. The eyes of the wretched girl, fixed wildly upon the object of theſe alarms, were too expreſſive to be unnoticed; the lady ſtarted when ſhe met them, and turning an angle of one of the rocks, was loſt in a cluſter of decent

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cent cabins, which ran along the bottom of a hazel-copſe.

Roſe lingered among theſe places till her ſpirits were exhauſted, and her body weary; ſhe then turned homewards with increaſed ſuſpicions, and joined her friends in Caſtle-Connel, without venturing to let them ſhare her diſquiet.

The evening was again paſſed in chearful intelligence by Charlemont, whoſe converſation or flute, by turns, delighted Mr. ONiel. Roſe, too, was gay and ſmiling, but the arrow was rankling in her ſoul: ſhe ſang, becauſe they aſked her, but ſhe ſcarcely heard the ſound of her own voice, and went at night to her chamber, in a perfect ſtupor of mind.

Can we doubt that ſhe watched, the next day, all the movements of a man ſo beloved, yet ſo doubted; ſhe followed

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him almoſt ſternly with her eye, as he took his hat up after breakfaſt. Hurrying to a window, ſhe ſaw him purſue the way to the cabins among the hazel-trees. Almoſt at the ſame inſtant, ſhe turned rapidly away from the window, exclaiming, "I am unworthy of him; I deſpiſe myſelf!"

Mrs. Heſter, who had juſt received ſome pearl ornaments from Dublin, which ſhe meant to preſent to her niece on her wedding-day, unable to check the deſire of ſeeing pleaſure brighten the complexion of her dear Roſe, now entered, and put them into her hand. Mrs. Heſter was not very eloquent, but ſhe was very affectionate; and when ſhe ſaid ſomething about happineſs and marriage, and Charlemont, Roſe could not reſtrain her tears; ſhe put the caſe, which held the necklace and bracelets, to her lips, and,

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and, overcome by the emotion which her aunt's ſpeech had awakened, broke from her into the hall.

Mrs. Heſter was not ſurprized at this; ſhe attributed theſe tears to gratitude, and to that certain ſomething which ought not to be called regret, yet which wrings the boſom of every woman, on the proſpect of quitting her family for that of another.

When Miſs de Blaquiere was alone, ſhe wept, but ſhe was not relieved; a heavy weight oppreſſed her heart, and anſwering her aunt's tap at her door, by ſaying that ſhe had a bad head-ache, was urged by her to take the benefit of freſh air.

"I will walk with you," ſaid Mrs. Heſter, "and we will walk ſlow. I declare your eyes are quite inflamed with this pain. I hope you caught no cold ſitting with your back to that open door

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laſt night." Roſe ſaid it was poſſible ſhe might have done ſo, and, taking her arm, walked out, turning involuntarily towards the cabins in the hazel-copſe.

Mrs. Heſter exerted herſelf to animate her companion; ſhe talked of Mrs. Henry Fitzpatrick, of Dublin, and its gaieties, and then mounted into her uſual rhapſodies about her dear Felix, and the approaching day on which he was to receive the ſacred depoſit of her Roſe's happineſs.

While Roſe was ſtruggling to conceal her agitation, and to withdraw her eyes from the cabins, ſhe ſaw Charlemont come out from one of them: a momentary ſickneſs paſſed over her, and ſhe almoſt pauſed upon the arm of the unobſervant Mrs. Heſter: his approach rouſed her.

"So! ſo!" cried the old lady, "what do you do here?"—Roſe fancied that Charle-

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Charlemont blushed: at any rate he did not answer.—"What! upon some charitable errand, I suppose," continued Mrs. Hester, taking the arm he was going to offer to Miss de Blaquiere.—"It *was* a charitable errand," replied he, while his eyes, apparently virtuously serene, turned tenderly upon her niece, "but what ails my dearest Rose?"

There was something so touching in the voice of Charlemont, and so ingenuous in his manner, that Rose almost believed proof itself would be lost in their bewitching effects. A fainter colour than usual rushed into her cheeks; and thinking that she was fully convinced of the propriety of his late desertions, she put her hand into his, and walked home with him, after pleading indisposition.

The hurry of dressing for the reception of Sir Kenelm OBrien's family to

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dinner, and the pleaſure of ſharing with Charlemont, in the deſire of amuſing the Baronet's amiable daughters, left Roſe no time for reflection; ſhe paſſed the remainder of the day with unforced chearfulneſs, and dreamt all night of confeſſing her fault at the feet of her beloved Charlemont.

The next morning ſhe got up with lightened ſpirits: taking the fatal letter from her cabinet, and putting it into her pocket, ſhe deſcended to the breakfaſt-room, with the reſolution of returning it to Charlemont, and of honeſtly avowing the pain it had occaſioned her. They were left alone ſoon after the tea-board was removed; for the firſt few moments Roſe found her breath grow ſhort; Charlemont, with ſome tender remark upon her recovered looks, took up his hat—"Have you any commands to Killarney, Roſe? I am going there

to

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to get ſome better drawing-paper than they ſent me laſt; I ſaw you were not pleaſed with it."

Roſe profeſſed herſelf not diſpleaſed with it, and was trying to raiſe voice enough to bid him ſit down again, when he haſtily added, "However, I muſt go, becauſe I have orders to give about a ſword which I have neglected too long. You are a witch, my beloved creature, and if I ſuffer myſelf to ſtay five minutes more with you, I ſhall forget every other part of my duty." He preſſed his lips to her hand as he concluded, and opening the door, added, "Shall I call at Sir Kenelm's, to aſk how they got home laſt night? I ſhall moſt likely paſs Fort Kerry." Roſe turning away to hide her conſternation, faintly ſaid, "No;" and then liſtened with an appalled heart to his lively call of his dog,

whoſe joyful bark but ill-accorded with her changed feelings.

Charlemont needed not to paſs Fort Kerry in his way to the town; there was no neceſſity for his calling at Sir Kenelm OBrien's; and unleſs he wiſhed to go again to the place from which ſhe had ſeen him come out the day before, had no occaſion to take any road, but the ſhorteſt, to Killarney. Perplexed with apprehenſion, ſhe left herſelf no time for deliberation; but making an errand to follow Charlemont, gave ſome muſic-books into the hands of Aleck, and told Mrs. Heſter that ſhe was going to leave them with Miſs Prudy OBrien.

Followed by her ſervant, ſhe walked ſlowly along the path which ſhe had ſo lately trodden; ſometimes tears dropped from her eyes, as ſhe admitted the poſſibility of Charlemont's guilt; and ſometimes bluſhes of ſhame tinged her cheek,

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cheek, while conſcious that one wrong act ever leads to the commiſſion of another: ſhe had read, by ſtealth, a letter addreſſed to another perſon; and where was now that openneſs of manner, that noble ſincerity, which had formerly diſtinguiſhed her? She had admitted a ſuſpicion of the man, whom ſhe ought to have believed incapable of any baſeneſs; ſhe had concealed that ſuſpicion from him, till it had grown into a belief ſo monſtrous, that ſhe was aſhamed to own it to herſelf; and even now, when reflection had ſomewhat brought her back to reaſon, ſhe was meanly condeſcending to watch his footſteps.

As theſe ideas preſented themſelves in rapid ſucceſſion to her mind, mingled with a remembrance of Charlemont's blameleſs conduct and exalted principles, Roſe made an effort to turn home again; but ſhe had already got to one of the

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the entrances of the little dell, and Fort-Kerry was not above a quarter of a mile diſtant.

While ſhe was deſcending one of the declivities, which overlooked the ſite of the cabins, ſhe ſaw Charlemont ſtanding at an open door, near the very woman ſhe had paſſed two days ago. Roſe drew back, and through the branches of a tree ſhooting acroſs the path, beheld him take a child from the ſtranger's arms: he kiſſed it, and then putting it down, hurried away by a narrow defile through the mountains, towards Killarney.

Tottering and faint, Roſe now proceeded ſlowly towards the cabin, which ſhe muſt paſs ere ſhe could reach Sir Kenelm OBrien's; and gaſping for breath at every ſtep, was at laſt obliged to lean againſt ſome piled bog-wood, to recover her ſtrength: at that moment her eyes involuntarily ſought the woman in

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in black, who retreated with precipitation into the hut, leaving the little boy running, with all the gaiety of infancy, towards Miſs de Blaquiere. The child was yet unſteady on its feet, and fell down: Aleck officiouſly ran to raiſe him, and in doing ſo, diſcovered to his unhappy miſtreſs a full confirmation of her fears.

The eyes, the hair, the complexion, the features of Charlemont, were all ſeen in the perſon of this beautiful child. Roſe required no further proof, but fell, as if ſtunned by ſome ſudden blow, lifeleſs on the earth. In a few minutes ſhe found herſelf in a decent-looking room, ſupported by an old woman, and aſſiſted by the lady in black. When her eyes firſt opened, the latter bent forward, with timid eagerneſs, to raiſe the head of Roſe; but Roſe puſhed her violently away, and turning with abhorrence from the

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the ſight, demanded who had brought her there?

The ſtranger replied, with equal confuſion and reſpect; then ſending the old woman out of the room, to tell Aleck that his lady was better, returned her unwilling gueſt thanks for the attention of her ſervant to the little boy.

"And who are you?" aſked Roſe, with a ſtern ſort of wildneſs, to which her half-diſtempered mind, and wholly-diſtracted heart, had given birth. The lady colouring, and dropping down her eyes, remained ſilent: "That's my mama," liſped the child, running from another ſide of the room, and hiding his innocent face in the folds of her gown, "and my papa's juſt gone away. Do you love my papa?"—The artleſs queſtion of the boy, his countenance, his mother's confuſion, and her own injuries, were ſo many daggers to the boſom of Roſe.

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Roſe. She ſtarted from her ſeat, and waving her hand to the ſtranger, as if ſhe would have thanked her, but could not, ruſhed out of the place.

For many minutes ſhe heard none of the reſpectful inquiries of Aleck, who was bowing by her ſide; but at length ſtartled by his advancing almoſt before her, ſhe reſumed preſence of mind enough to ſay that ſhe was better, charging him not to alarm any part of the Caſtle-Connel family with a relation of her ſwoon. Honeſt Aleck gave a ſincere promiſe of obedience; and as Roſe found that none of the OBriens were at home, ſhe returned with haſty ſteps by the road ſhe had firſt paſſed.

Charlemont was not yet come back; and Roſe, when ſhe had ſlightly anſwered ſome ſhort queſtions of Mrs. Heſter, ran up ſtairs, and locked herſelf into her own room. That ſtrength which the firſt

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firſt horror of conviction had inſpired her with, now deſerted her; and ſhe remained alternately weeping over her deception, and praying for virtue to hate its author.

In this ſtate, the voice of Charlemont below ſurpriſed and rouſed her: at the ſound, her tears ſuddenly ceaſed; and a cold chill ran withering through her frame. She got up from the ground on which ſhe had thrown herſelf, and liſtening ſtill to thoſe tones which were once ſo dear, felt, with aſtoniſhment, that they only deepened the dark diſlike which was now ſettling in her late warm and fond heart. As ſhe ſtood near the door, Charlemont's ſtep was heard on the ſtairs. Unlikely as it was that he ſhould enter, ſhe ruſhed away towards the window, loathing to behold that countenance which had once been her tendereſt gaze. He paſſed to his own chamber, where he

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he directly opened a window, and hummed a few notes of a lively tune. This accidental gaiety affected Roſe like an inſult: ſhe exclaimed, with bitterneſs, while ſhe thought of his heart, "It is hard—callous—cold—and I deteſt him."

That Roſe ſhould ſay thus, and feel thus, will not be doubted by any perſon that has truly loved: never yet was an ardent attachment ſucceeded by indifference: thoſe who have ſtudied our myſterious nature, will ſurely admit, that one violent paſſion can only be expelled by another. Roſe was convinced that Charlemont had ſeduced a before-innocent woman; that he had made her the mother of a child he durſt not acknowledge; that, conſcious of theſe things, he had wilfully ſought *her* heart, and obtained it; and that now, when the firſt deluded creature was vainly endeavouring to bring him back to his former

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former faith, he was boldly going to plight that broken faith, at the altar, to another. An inſtance of ſuch depravity had never before entered even into the imagination of Roſe; ſhe conſidered it with deteſtation, and perceived with amazement, almoſt amounting to agony, that her once tender ſoul was capable of hatred.

To the former tumult of her brain ſucceeded a horrid ſtillneſs, which expreſſed its tremendous nature only by the livid paleneſs of her features. She went down ſtairs to her uncle with theſe ſentiments of Charlemont; whoſe entrance, ſhortly after, cauſed a deadly thrill to run through all her nerves.

The ſilence and petrifying air which the paſſion of hatred made it impoſſible for Roſe to avoid, could not paſs unnoticed by Charlemont: his tenderneſs, ever active, was now redoubled; he remembered

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membered her late head-aches, and towards night, as her vivacity did not return, he beſeeched her, with the fondeſt earneſtneſs, to tell him what was her complaint. Roſe gave ſhort anſwers to this attention; ſhe ſaid ſhe was well; that when ſhe was ſo, ſhe could not bear to be fancied otherwiſe; and begged, in her turn, that as ſhe was going to write, he would take up a book, and not think about her. Charlemont, with a heightened colour, bowed rather reſentfully, and obeyed. Mr. ONiel and his ſiſter, occupied in cheſs at a remote part of the room, did not hear any of the converſation; they remained engaged with their game, while Roſe ſat writing very long letters; and Charlemont, diſtreſſed, as well as amazed at this only inſtance of petulance, was apparently reading, but in reality ſteadily gazing from his ſlanting book, upon the profile of

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of Roſe, in the altered expreſſion of whoſe features, he ſought in vain for that ſoftneſs which had won his heart. By degrees, the momentary haughtineſs which her conduct had awakened, ſubſided and was forgotten; he retained only grief at her paleneſs, and ſuppoſed that even Roſe herſelf might not be quite free from that fretfulneſs, which will ſometimes attend indiſpoſition.

One of the ſervants entered ſoon after with ſupper: Mr. ONiel called out to Charlemont to ſit down to it, for that he and Mrs. Heſter were not likely to be diſengaged for the next two hours. Charlemont, ſeizing the firſt opportunity of atoning for the haſty diſpleaſure with which he had obeyed Miſs de Blaquiere's commands, cloſed his book, and offered her his hand. "Shall we obey my uncle?" ſaid he, in the tendereſt manner: the idea which the title he had

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given to Mr. ONiel ſuggeſted, acted like a ſpell upon his own heart; he expected it would have done ſo upon that of Roſe; but ſhe did not even raiſe her eyes, coldly begging he would ſuffer her to finiſh her letters.

Charlemont ſtood for a few ſeconds, as if a thunder-bolt had fallen before him; then ſeizing a night-candle, and haſtily telling Mr. ONiel he ſhould not eat any ſupper, left the room.

Vexed at the peeviſhneſs of Roſe, and ſhocked at the want of attention to his feelings which it implied, he laid his head upon the pillow, to think, and not to ſleep. It was morning before his aching eyes cloſed; but when they opened at the ſound of the prayer-bell, he found the troubled ſenſations which had before jarred every nerve in his frame, were entirely gone. He haſtened

to

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to join in the cuſtomary devotions of the family, and as he looked upon the beautiful figure of the woman he loved, kneeling with holy grace in the little chapel, where Mr. ONiel repeated a ſhort prayer, he anticipated with an overflowing heart, the hour in which ſhe would belong to him for ever.

When they aſſembled in the parlour, Roſe was more chearful than ſhe had been the preceding night. Aware that Mr. ONiel would openly obſerve the change in her conduct, if he once ſaw it; and uncertain yet in what manner to act, ſhe forced herſelf to be gay and laughing, rightly judging, that in the noiſe of affected mirth, none but Charlemont would perceive the abſence of tenderneſs to him. He was, however, perfectly ſatisfied; he could not ſuſpect that he was leſs dear to her, and therefore ſmilingly enjoyed

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enjoyed her ſmiles, ſince in their enchantment the frowns of the night before were obliterated.

From this dream he was ſoon awakened: though her altered air paſſed unnoticed by the ONiels, who were both too buſy in preparing ſettlements, and ordering embelliſhments for the approaching day week, yet it haunted Charlemont continually. He could not ſhut his eyes upon the frigid air with which Roſe liſtened to his raptures, and endured his attentions; and at laſt he began to admit the painful idea, that ſhe ceaſed to love him, and that the flighty, but not ill-intended letter of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, had made her regret promiſing her hand, to a man leſs rich, leſs great, than the young Lord Bindon. Perhaps Charlemont thought—"My now fixed poverty has operated this change;" for his uncle was lately dead, and had left all his money to

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an artful housekeeper. From the moment this intelligence had arrived, Charlemont fancied Rose had begun to cool towards him; and he now half suspected that she possessed an ambitious or mercenary soul. As soon as this suspicion had taken possession of his thoughts, he relaxed in watchful affection, and gradually slighted Rose, as much as she did him; but the heart of the one ached under the iron mask of indifference, while that of the other felt no warm sensation, thaw the ice upon her's.

Rose disdained to accuse him; she fancied that his guilty conscience had already whispered the meaning of her coldness, and therefore she relied upon his giving her some opportunity of breaking through her engagement: if this were not the case, she determined upon avowing the whole to her aunt, the night before the day on which she had

had once hoped to become his wife; truſting, that by her aſſiſtance, ſhe might be able to extricate herſelf with honour, and yet not totally ruin him in the favour of Mr. ONiel.

Charlemont, by nature impetuous and precipitate, did not ſuffer her to remain long in doubt of his intentions; he ſeized the opportunity which an accidental abſence of Mr. ONiel and Mrs. Heſter afforded him, and, cloſing the door after them, with ſome ſolemnity, took a ſeat beſide her. "I have had no moment, during this whole day," ſaid he, with a ſudden guſh of tenderneſs, "to tell you, Roſe, that I muſt ſoon leave you." The eyes of Roſe, turning without any emotion towards him, went like a dagger to his heart. Struggling with the groan which roſe from his boſom, he added, "I have had letters from my regiment to-day, and I find that it

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has received freſh orders to ſail for Holland, and that I muſt join in three days. I had intended but to have pledged my faith to you at the altar, and then to have torn myſelf away. Dare I, after your late coldneſs, urge you not to think of a time, which I now muſt not ſtay for, but to make me as happy as my ſad circumſtances will allow, to-morrow morning?"

"And does my uncle know this?" aſked Roſe, purpoſely ſlighting his eager queſtion. "No! not yet; it will be time enough when you have determined my fate." He pauſed, and looked in her face, to read there the agony, which, at another period, a certainty of his going into danger would have cauſed: nothing but the ſame myſterious coldneſs was viſible. He ſtarted up indignantly:—"Roſe!" ſaid he, ſtopping ſuddenly as he traverſed the room, "how am I to underſtand you? Something has eſtranged

ged us; what is it? Who is the barbarous wretch that has ſtepped in between our hearts?"

Miſs de Blaquiere conjectured that he alluded to Louiſa; ſhe trembled with exceſs of agitation; but her eyes caſt to the ground, did not tell him the riſing tenderneſs that was now ſtruggling with her inflexible reſolves. Charlemont advanced a few ſteps towards her.—"I cannot long endure this affliction Roſe; I am not uſed to ſeek in vain for thoſe dear eyes; why do they now avoid me? Yet think not that I want to *force* you back to my arms: I abhor the thought! If you are weary of this engagement tell me ſo at once." Roſe, riſing ſlowly from her chair, with a face pale as death, and hands colder than the marble againſt which Charlemont was leaning his head, firmly turned towards him: "I *am*

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weary of it," said she, and passing him, immediately quitted the room.

Charlemont, left standing immoveable by the chimney-piece, gazed after her, without the consciousness of any one sense, till suddenly a flood of recollection rushed over his brain; the words, the voice, the look of Rose, maddened every faculty: he started from the position in which she had left him, and calling Dermot (whom he passed in the hall), to follow him out, ran almost without intermission, till he had reached Killarney; there he flung himself into a chaise, sternly ordered Dermot to ask no questions, and drove furiously through the night towards Cork. From Cork, in two days afterwards, the regiment sailed for Holland; and Charlemont, during the fortnight of his voyage, was happily rendered insensible, by a brain-fever, to any of his sorrows.

CHAP-

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CHAPTER IX.

THE evening on which the unfortunate Charlemont quitted Caſtle-Connel, was paſſed by almoſt every creature in it, with uneaſineſs at his abſence, and ſurprize at that of Dermot. Roſe alone gueſſed that he had left Killarney for ever, and ſat ſilently over her netting, ruminating upon their laſt converſation, and ſtifling the ſighs which it occaſioned.

She had been prepared, had he urged an explanation, to make a full avowal of her diſhonourable conduct in regard to the letter, while at the ſame time ſhe would have taxed him with his guilt, and earneſtly beſeeched him to leſſen its enormity, by marrying the deceived Louiſa; but he had not ſought this ex-

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planation: it is true, he had uttered, in a burſt of grief, ſomething like an enquiry into her motives, but he had not repeated it; ſo far from openly meeting an explanation, he had appeared to fly from it, and to acquieſce with a cowardly ſort of conſcioufneſs in her deciſive fare-well. While ſhe ſat abſorbed in theſe meditations, ſcarcely ſenſible whether her heart were, or were not, cruſhed for ever, a note written by Charlemont at Killarney, was put into Mr. ONiel's hand. At the firſt line he called Roſe to him, and pointing to the open letter, aſked her if ſhe knew what it meant. The note ran thus:

To Roderick ONiel, Eſq.

"Circumſtances compel me to quit Killarney, never to return; I am not to marry Roſe. We part, ſir! ſhe is now free; and as for your wretched Felix, think

think of him no more. Need I ſwear to you, moſt honoured, moſt eſteemed of men! that you will never ceaſe to be dear to me? Wherever I go, the remembrance of your ſiſter and yourſelf ſhall never forſake me. And Roſe!—ah! why do my fooliſh tears blot a name once ſo fondly cheriſhed. May Heaven ſhower down its choiceſt bleſſings upon her! I can add no more.—Adieu! adieu! deareſt ſir,

"FELIX CHARLEMONT."

Mr. ONiel looked in the face of his niece for an explanation of this myſtery; and Mrs. Heſter taking alarm at ſome words he dropped, uttered an exclamation of terror—"Compoſe yourſelves my dear friends!" ſaid Roſe, gaſping for breath, "Mr. Charlemont is gone to his regiment, ſome impediments to our marriage have ariſen, and now we

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must never meet again. You, my dear aunt, my dear uncle, may still love him. I will go to Dublin. I will forget that to be his wife was once" ——— Here a deep sigh interrupted her words, and her pale face, which had been gradually sinking upon her bosom, at length dropped upon the shoulder of Mrs. Hester. Explanations for that time were over; Mrs. Hester intreated her brother to refrain from any further questions, and receiving his assent, she led the almost motionless Rose into her own room.

"I want no conversation, my dear girl!" said the affectionate old lady, when she saw Rose eagerly raise her head from the bed, on which they laid her. "I am satisfied that neither you nor Felix are to blame in this business, to-morrow we will talk it over, till then quiet your mind; Kitty shall sit up in the next room, for I will not perplex you by my presence."

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ſence." Mrs. Heſter tenderly kiſſed the cheek of the ſilent Roſe, and giving her a benediction, retired to her chamber.

Roſe paſſed the night in reflections upon her late emotion, and in reſolutions of fortifying her mind againſt ſuch weakneſs for the future. She readily believed that Charlemont relinquiſhed her, with anguiſh, and looked back upon the crimes, by which ſhe had been forfeited, with pungent remorſe; but then he had not been honeſt, or virtuous enough, to confeſs theſe crimes, he had acted a part of cool, ſyſtematic deceit; and for what? For the gratification of a ſelfiſh, though violent paſſion, which ſhe dared not dignify with the name of love. "I have loved his virtues," ſaid ſhe, "not his perſon, not his talents, not his reputation! theſe ſtill remain; but his rectitude is gone! Why then do I find ſuch pains as theſe ſucceed to the ſettled abhorrence

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which I ſo lately had at his very name? Why do I regret him? Why do I cloſe my weary eyes, as if to ſhut out his ſpectre, which ſeems to haunt me?—Alas! he has taught me to ſuſpect all the world; he has ſhaken that delightful confidence, with which I relied upon every human being! he has made life a blank!—Oh! what happy days I pictured! but that is paſt!—No, no! though he were at this inſtant at my feet, I would fly from him with horror!"

Again ſhe recapitulated all his actions, and all his words; and active in drawing poiſon from every flower, found, in his beſt ſentiments, only the ſin of deſerting that virtue which he admired. The reſult of theſe ſolitary deliberations, was a well-principled and ſteady compoſure; it enabled her to enter the parlour, in which Mr. ONiel and his ſiſter ſat, after their breakfaſt, with a ſerene countenance

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and firm ſtep. As ſhe entered at one door, Mr. ONiel, not yet maſter of himſelf, hurried out by the other.

"Are you better, my dear love!" ſaid Mrs. Heſter.—"Yes, quite well," replied Roſe, caſting down her eyes, and conſidering for a few moments what ſhe had to ſay; "and now, dear madam, you are entitled to call upon me for an explanation of my conduct, as well as that of Mr. Charlemont." Mrs. Heſter's lips parted with an attempt to ſpeak, but immediately cloſed again. Roſe continued. "Will it ſatisfy you, if I ſay, that when Mr. Charlemont and I parted laſt night, it was with a conviction on *my* ſide that he could never make me happy; and on *his*, the certainty of having put it out of his own power to do ſo? It was no ſudden thing, believe me! I have withdrawn my heart, becauſe I thought it

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it neceſſary for both our ſakes: time will, I truſt, open new and better views to *him:* And for myſelf, I am now indifferent about every thing but your affection."

"But what has been the cauſe of this?" cried Mrs. Heſter, "what has been done to authoriſe this abrupt break?"

"Some things which I do not love to think on," replied Roſe, her forehead contracting under the hand which ſhe preſſed upon it; "do not aſk me to tell them you! Suffice it that Charlemont left me, well aware of the juſtice with which I acted. I can never be his wife. Let me then quit Killarney for awhile, till this tranſaction ceaſes to aſtoniſh its inhabitants."—"And where would you go Roſe?" aſked Mrs. Heſter.—"To Dublin; to any place. Do not weep my

my dearest madam! I am not unhappy; I have no regrets, no sorrow, but for the wretched Charlemont himself."

"Good Heaven! and what can he have done!" said Mrs. Hester, looking steadily in the face of Rose, "I must, I *will* know."

"Take care madam," said Miss de Blaquiere, growing yet paler, "you know not what you are asking."—"I will not be trifled with Rose; you shall not leave my brother and me wavering between doubts of you and our Felix; I see now that some offence has been the ground of this business: if Felix *have* done any thing to *deserve* your resentment, it is unjust in you to attempt skreening him. A romantic generosity in this case would be a criminal one. I repeat again, you must be sincere."

Rose was overcome by the sternness of her amiable aunt, a sternness so new, and

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therefore so dreadful; and convinced of the impropriety of remaining silent, she threw herself at Mrs. Hester's feet, and there confessed the perusal of the hated letter, the interview which she had had with the writer of it; and concluded by saying, that her last meeting with Charlemont had confirmed every thing.

"He attempted no exculpation," said she, "indeed he retained too much virtue, even to imagine it possible. Heaven will, I hope, forgive him. I do, though I can never see him more. Alas! these sins which fashion sanctions, and example makes familiar are too shocking for me to look on."

Mrs. Hester, drowned in tears, was incapable of reply; she got up, after some ineffectual struggles, and was quitting the room, when Rose, in a distraction of fear, followed, and caught her hand. "You do not speak to me—O! Madam, have

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have I forfeited——" Mrs. Heſter interrupted her—"No! no! I love you —I pity you—but I am miſerable." She haſtily diſengaged her hand, and covering her guſhing eyes with it, ran out into the ſhrubbery.

There is nothing ſo touching as an aged face bathed in tears: the ſight wrung the heart of Roſe; and, though the moſt rigid judge could not have condemned her, ſhe ſcrupled not to condemn herſelf, for having yielded to the commands of Mrs. Heſter, in narrating any part of the miſconduct of Charlemont.

While ſhe was occupied in theſe reflections, Mrs. Heſter had dried her eyes, and ſummoned up reſolution to ſeek her brother. She related the ſtory in few words, concluding it with the ſentiment of "never truſting any one more." Mr. ONiel's conſternation mocked deſcription; he felt like a father, and declared

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declared that he would rather have ſeen his once-dear Charlemont dead at his feet, than thus tremendouſly guilty. In the firſt heat of reſentment and anguiſh he took a pen to write to Charlemont, but honeſt indignation made him relinquiſh it; and he proteſted that it ſhould now be the ſtudy of his life to waſh him from his memory.

"As for our injured, unhappy Roſe," ſaid he, "ſhe muſt be rouſed into her former ſpirits. She ſhall accept this invitation from Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and heaven grant that ſhe may meet with ſome worthier man than the deceitful Felix."

"There is nothing worthy of her!" exclaimed his ſiſter, "ſhe muſt never think of any other perſon. Whom can ſhe truſt? ſince the boy we reared, the boy we loved, comforted, praiſed, idolized, as we did Charlemont, is found aban-

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abandoned and insincere? No, no; she must live and die in Castle-Connel."

"Leave me then Hetty, I want to be alone; I must collect fortitude to see the poor thing as I ought to do. Remember! his name is now never to be mentioned." Mrs Hester acquiescing with a heavy sigh, left the apartment.

In consequence of these arrangements Mr. ONiel met his darling, without even adverting obliquely to the late events: he first visited the cabin in which Louisa had lodged, and then, convinced anew of the turpitude of the man he had once believed immaculate, sedulously sought, in a variety of active duties, to banish his remembrance.

The departure of Louisa, which had taken place the morning after that of Charlemont, and the account which the cottagers gave, of her manner, and visitor, rendered the shadow of a doubt impos-

sible,

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ſible. Mrs. Heſter, therefore, with ſenſible anxiety, urged the immediate departure of Roſe: Sir Kenelm OBrien, who was going to Dublin with his youngeſt daughter, kindly offered to be Miſs de Blaquiere's eſcort; and after Mrs. Heſter had written a plain but affecting letter to Mrs. Henry Fitzpatrick, upon the ſituation of her niece, Roſe quitted Caſtle-Connel and its dear inhabitants.

It was early in the morning when Sir Kenelm's poſt coach drove down the avenue from Caſtle-Connel: as it emerged from the trees, Roſe looked out of the window to take a laſt view of a place ſo dear: it ſtood in ſilent ſobriety among the heights which ſurrounded it.

A heavy rain falling over the country rendered every object dim, and every feeling mournful. Roſe gazed through her

her blinding tears upon the houſe and the Lake, and a thouſand tender aſſociations preſſed upon her heart. It was ſo lately that ſhe had walked round that very Lake, under thoſe very trees, and ſhe had been the happieſt of the happy! but now, all was changed; and ſhe was going to ſeek, in the hurry of the world, oblivion for her ſorrows.

When the flat embattled roof of the old manſion ſunk behind the mountains, Roſe drew in her head, and, flinging herſelf back in the carriage, gave way to tears. Sir Kenelm took out a book, and tried to render his young companion eaſier, by the certainty that he could not then obſerve her; while Miſs Prudy's crimſon cheeks became ſtill redder with agitation, aad ſome drops ſtood in her ſympathetic eyes.

As Sir Kenelm ſlept upon the road, it was late in the evening of the ſecond day

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day when they reached Dublin: he ordered the carriage immediately to Merrion Square (in which Captain Fitzpatrick had a houſe), and there taking a cordial leave of Roſe, drove with his daughter to a neighbouring hotel.

In conſequence of Mrs. Heſter's letter, the young Mrs. Fitzpatrick received her friend alone. She met her at the door, and, after a hearty embrace, led her to the drawing room. As Roſe went up the broad marble ſtair-caſe, and paſſed through the lofty rooms, which all, opening into one another, glittered on every ſide with gilding and velvet draperies, ſhe thought of Caſtle-Connel, and ſighed for its warm oak panels, its ivied windows, and romantic ſcenery.

The united fortunes of Captain Fitzpatrick and his wife vied with thoſe of the firſt nobility; and Roſe, while ſhe caſt down her aching eyes from the glare of

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of ſplendour which dazzled them, almoſt dreaded that her Flora was not the ſame: but Flora's affectionate voice and bewitching ſmiles *were* the ſame; and when Roſe again found herſelf preſſed in her arms, and held to her lips, ſhe hated herſelf for the thought.

"Come, come! none of theſe lachrymals," cried the beautiful Mrs. Fitzpatrick, as ſhe ſaw her friend's faded face deluged with tears; "I am not to be ſo congratulated: why don't you wiſh me joy?" Roſe preſſed her hand, but could not ſpeak. "I have ſeen your friend Madame de Villemar," continued ſhe, "and her charming mother is a great favourite of mine; I am likely to be one with her, I find, and that's delightful."

"And how is Lord Glenroy?" aſked Roſe; "how are his family?"—"As for his Lordſhip," returned the lively Flora,

"*he*

"*he* is as kind and as good as ever. Truly, I tell him ſometimes that he is a vaſt deal more loving *now*, than when I was almoſt his own property; but he laughs—for he can laugh I aſſure you—and my Harry applauds him; and ſo I am obliged to hear all the fine ſpeeches with which he will prance away for hours at a ſitting. The precious Counteſs has chaſſée'd me entirely: ſhe draws up her provokingly handſome neck, toſſes her head, and then majeſtically playing with her bracelets thus, ſays I am a monſter of deceit, a flirt, a jilt; in ſhort, a young woman with whom her daughter ſhall never more aſſociate; and then, Lady Margaret giggles, and declares ſhe don't think me *quite* ſo bad, becauſe I was always a great fool, and *therefore* more to be pitied than cenſured."

"And does not Lord Glenroy vindicate you?"

"O yes,

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"Oh, yes, the silly man went quixotizing into every nook of the town for me; but I begged him to be quiet, and leave my character to my future conduct. Indeed, when nobody but Lady Dunallan condescends to abuse me, I am pretty secure."

"I need not ask you if you are happy," said Rose, looking with eyes full of delight upon her gay and lovely figure; "I never saw you appear half so much so."

"Happy! child! I live in a constant round of delightful emotions, which I never knew before. First, one person tells me how well Harry looked at such a place; another says, how well he danced, how he sang, how he played, and how he talked: then my foolish face glows with a little pride, you know, to think that this boasted creature is my husband! And then, when I hear from the good Glenroy, affecting anecdotes of his bene-

volence, I find my heart ſwell with a nobler tranſport, and am like a true idolator, ready to fling myſelf at his feet. No!" continued ſhe, after a pauſe, her bright eyes ſhining through tears, "I never *loved* Fitzpatrick till I was his wife."

Fitzpatrick's voice upon the ſtairs rouzed them both; his wife ſtarted up, and meeting him in one of the intervening rooms, Roſe heard the affectionate kiſs, with which he greeted his Flora. In the next moment, he caught Roſe in his arms, and, as he did ſo, a cloud ſhaded the joy of his countenance: he remembered that ſhe was unhappy and that Charlemont had been the cauſe of it.

A multitude of inquiries ſucceeded to the firſt ſalutation: both Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her huſband, ſought to excite new ideas in the mind of Roſe; and ſhe,

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ſhe, too penetrating not to ſee, and too grateful not to ſecond their kind intentions, became gradually more chearful. The ſupper, which was ſoon after ſerved in a richly-furniſhed eating-room, was light, yet ſuperb; nothing but ſilver covered the table: the numerous ſervants were all dreſt in coſtly liveries, and wherever the eye of Roſe turned, it fell upon objects which at once reminded her of the wealth and the taſte of their owners. Her heart was however ill at eaſe: ſhe moved chearfully away on the firſt ſummons of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and, taking a grateful farewell of her and her amiable huſband, took poſſeſſion of her deſtined apartments. There again, ſhe ſaw nothing but what was expenſive and elegant; and though ſhe ſunk upon her downy bed with renewed love for her happy young friends, yet ſhe found that in her preſent ſad ſtate the glare of gran-

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deur ſerved but to ſhew her, more accurately, the wretchedneſs of her heart.

In the morning, the eyes of Miſs de Blaquiere, accuſtomed to uncloſe at an early hour, opened long before any creature was up, except one of the houſe-maids: ſhe entered to light a fire in the dreſſing-room; to which Roſe drew a chair and a writing table, and then began a letter to her friends at Killarney. She had completed her taſk, and had read half a volume of Italian poetry, which ſhe found in a book-caſe, when Mrs. Fitzpatrick tapped at her door. The latter expreſſed ſurpriſe at finding her ſo ſoon ready, and, ſhewing her the way, proceeded into the breakfaſt parlour.

This was the moſt home-like looking room in the whole houſe; for it was ſmall and plain: a chearful fire was blazing in the grate, the round table was covered with a plentiful breakfaſt, and Fitz-

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Fitzpatrick, dreſſed for Parade, was ſtanding with gay buſtle making the tea, and pouring out the coffee. That perfect ſatisfaction of heart, which reſults from the conſciouſneſs of worth, and the enjoyment of happineſs, which is ſo ſweet to poſſeſs, and ſo beautiful to look on, was viſible in his whole countenance. Roſe ſent her eyes from him to his lovely young wife, whoſe charming features reflected the ſunſhine of his; and ſhe owned, with pleaſure, that ſhe had never before ſeen ſuch unalloyed felicity.

As Miſs de Blaquiere found that the Dutcheſs de Rouſſillon and her daughter lived three miles from Dublin, on account of the air, ſhe was prevailed upon to gratify Fitzpatrick, by going with his wife to the Caſtle, to ſee a young man mount guard for the firſt time. "I am only going to keep him in countenance," ſaid he, "and when the parade is over

I ſhall be quite at your ſervice. After that, you may drive me to any place you pleaſe, except to *Denny*, you know, Flora. I have had a doſe for life of that." His wife gave him a ſmart ſlap in the face, and, ringing for their peliſſes, ſuffered him to ſee Miſs de Blaquiere and her to the carriage.

The gay equipage of the pretty Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in the Caſtle yard, ſoon drew about it all the faſhionable idlers in the place. Roſe and ſhe were handed out amongſt a crowd of officers that all preſſed forward to offer their aſſiſtance. In the midſt of theſe Roſe recogniſed, with ſome diſpleaſure, the ſneering Mr. Carysfort, and his babbling brother.

" The nymph of Killarney! by all that is rapturous!" exclaimed the latter, approaching, and making a confident bow. Every one turned their eyes upon Roſe, whoſe poliſhed cheeks, glowing with momen-

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momentary bluſhes, produced the effect of all her former beauty. Mrs. Fitzpatrick was then ſpeaking to an elderly woman and two young ones, whom ſhe ſoon after joined and introduced to her friend. But before ſhe did ſo, Mr. Carysfort drew near Roſe, and ſaid in a half whiſper, "Have I the happineſs of addreſſing Miſs de Blaquiere, or do you come to drive us all to deſperate acts by a name, however delightful to you, very melancholy to us?" A young man in black, who was admiringly looking upon the rich colour which embarraſſment had reſtored to the cheek of Roſe, ſaw it extinguiſhed in a moment; it diſappeared like a bright, but tranſient meteor; while, in a ſtifled voice, which ſhe contrived to render firm, ſhe ſaid, "Still Miſs de Blaquiere, Sir," and turned from him.

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The ladies whom Mrs. Fitzpatrick had joined, were the mother and ſiſters of Lord Bindon, who were come to ſee Mr. OHara their couſin, take his firſt guard: they ſeemed more faſhionable than agreeable, and Roſe ſoon ceaſed to hear their volubility, in liſtening to a converſation which was paſſing between the young man before mentioned, and an officer with whoſe face ſhe was unacquainted.

"I met his family at Lord Monoghan's yeſterday," ſaid the officer, as they ſtood all grouped together, looking at the military parade before them—"and upon my ſoul, I ſee nothing ſo very flagrant in her ladyſhip:—I hear that he bought into the xxth regiment, and has ſailed for Holland."

"I am ſorry for that;" replied the other—"ſuch brilliant talents as Mr. Charlemont's would have been much better

better employed at the bar, or in the ſenate. I wonder he never came into Parliament."—"He was about to canvaſs for the vacancy in Queen's County, juſt before Lord Roſcommon married;" anſwered the officer, "but upon that buſineſs, my lord renounced all intereſt in him, and Charlemont, romantically above uſing the common ways and means, I am told, refuſed his late uncle's offer of pecuniary aſſiſtance: indeed a very particular friend of his uncle's told me this."—"That was great in him!"—exclaimed the ſtranger—theſe words were echoed by Miſs de Blaquiere's heart.

"O mixture of ſplendid virtue and debaſing vice!" ſaid ſhe, "thy name will, I fear, never ceaſe to be intereſting to me."—

While ſhe was painfully admiring the nobleneſs which could dictate and con-

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ceal ſuch conduct, the young man in black went on.—"I never ſaw Mr. Charlemont but once, and that was in public, in London. At that time I thought I had never before beheld a countenance which announced ſo much genius.—I was directly convinced, that he was the author of that ſublime poem, which I have read with ſuch rapture, and which the world *has* given to his pen."—

Mr. Carysfort, catching the name of Charlemont, puſhed forward to Roſe. "I hope you left Mr. Charlemont well, Miſs de Blaquiere; yet how can he be otherwiſe! ſo favoured! ſo diſtinguiſhed!—why ſhould you bluſh?—are we to ſee him in town?"—Roſe, overwhelmed with anguiſh and confuſion, which the immediate ſilence and gaze of the two friends ſhe had been liſtening to, helped to increaſe, tremblingly

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anſwered—"No, ſir, his regiment received ſudden orders to leave Ireland, and he departed for Holland ſeveral days ago."—

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, hearing ſomething of what Carysfort ſaid, turned quickly round: "do ſilence that prating man, Miſs de Blaquiere. I proteſt his horrid vulgar voice is louder than the kettle drums."

"Then I will ſpeak lower, my dear madam! for I proteſt I cannot be ſilent near Miſs de Blaquiere; though ſhe may perhaps put me into her next novel for it."—

"Pray make yourſelf eaſy on that head ſir!" ſaid Roſe, with an equivocal ſmile, and momentary iraſcibility,—"*when* I write novels, be aſſured I will admit *no thing* into them, either *dull* or *ill-natured*."—"You promiſe much," retorted Mr. Carysfort, with almoſt angry

ſcorn; "yet I don't think from *this* ſpecimen—(he heſitated and tried to laugh) that you will be able to *perform* it."—

"I believe you are right;" anſwered Miſs de Blaquiere, rather diſconcerted by his keenneſs; "I have ſeen too much of Mr. Carysfort, to preſerve either good ſenſe or good humour: you know the old adage—evil communication."

"Nay! if the elegant Miſs de Blaquiere has recourſe to vulgariſms," cried Carysfort, affecting to ſpread his fingers over his face,—"I muſt be off:—I would not ſtay within fifty miles of any creature that could utter a proverb."—

He ſtalked away as he ſpoke, leaving Mrs. Fitzpatrick laughing at his diſcomfiture, Roſe aſhamed of her own aſperity, and the obſerving ſtranger in black, amazed at the irritability of the woman, whoſe ſoft, downcaſt eyes, and gentle

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gentle voice, had announced nothing but tenderneſs, and warmth of heart.

Roſe was vexed at theſe conſtant attacks from Mr. Carysfort, which betrayed her into a ſeverity, foreign to her character, and grating to her feelings: ſhe could not imagine why they were always made upon *her*, ſince ſhe had ever ſhunned ſuch ſkirmiſhes, and when forced into them, had acted merely upon the defenſive. She had yet to learn that Mr. Carysfort's conſtitutional peeviſhneſs, joined to an early-acquired contempt for the intellects of women, were the ſources of his impertinence; he ridiculed thoſe whom he ſtiled, half-witted, pretty parrots, like Mrs. Fitzpatrick, by groſs compliments; and galled pretenders to literature, like Miſs de Blaquiere, by ill-natured ſarcaſms. Yet Mr. Carysfort viſited every where, and was received every where, becauſe he

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he was every where feared; and though he could anathematize Miſs de Blaquiere's proverb, yet he has often laughed with malicious pleaſure over the poor wretches, who in aſking him to their parties, were literally "holding a candle to the devil."

When parade was over, Captain Fitzpatrick joined his wife's party, and nodding to ſeveral officers at a little diſtance from her, advanced to the young man in black, and ſhaking him by the hand, introduced him to Mrs. Fitzpatrick by the name of Mr. Colville Barry. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with her uſual eaſy grace, expreſſed herſelf happy in having the honour of knowing him, and ſoon afterwards aſked him to join a little party which were to meet at her houſe, on the following evening.—Mr. Barry with a bow, which his fine figure rendered peculiarly graceful, anſwered by ſome well-turned

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turned compliment, and then offered his hand to lead her to the carriage.

There was an inſpired expreſſion in the air of this young man's countenance, which, though it was mingled with ſomething very like pride, could not fail to intereſt the obſerving Roſe: it was a look of genius; and it recalled the face of the diſtant, the miſguided Charlemont; a face! in which *ſoul* and *beauty* were united; and to which, a noble candour gave irreſiſtible charms. She looked for a moment after Mr. Barry, as he turned from the carriage window, and then replied to a queſtion of Captain Fitzpatrick's, by ſaying—"yes if you pleaſe; I am impatient to ſee your couſin."—

As they drove along a retired road, Captain Fitzpatrick naturally fell into diſcourſe about the gentleman whom he had ſo lately introduced to his wife; Roſe

Roſe then found that he was the youngeſt ſon of a Baronet near Limerick, who though ſprung from one of the oldeſt and moſt reſpectable families in Ireland, was very limited in property; the laſt inheritor having ſold what he could ſell, and mortgaged what remained.—Colville Barry having early indicated talent, had been educated for the profeſſion of the law, and was now ſtudying for that purpoſe, in Dublin; but a paſſion for poetry, which greatly interfered with drier ſtudies, often occaſioned remonſtrances from his father, and rebukes from his friends.

"Badgered as he is" ſaid Fitzpatrick, "by all his *well-wiſhers*, yet he ſomewhat neglects his profeſſion for his paſſion; and may be allowed to do ſo, ſince he has moſt philoſophically leſſened his wants, and can reſiſt very calmly, all the demands of faſhion and folly upon his

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his ſlender purſe. Truly I think Barry would not be half ſo rapturous among the mines of Plutus, as he would find himſelf, if permitted to worſhip out his breeches knees—(without a chance of getting them mended,) at the ſhrine of Phœbus."

"O fie! Captain Fitzpatrick," ſaid Roſe colouring at his gay laugh—"I ſhould not have ſuſpected *you* of this." "Well! I won't quiz him," returned Fitzpatrick; upon my ſoul I don't know a better fellow in the world, except"—Fitzpatrick reddened; for his apprehenſive wife trod ſuddenly upon his foot; he went on with confuſed quickneſs. "Barry and I were at college together; and though I was too trifling a character to be long remembered by *him* after we parted, yet I often thought of his entertaining talents and active good nature. We met laſt week by mere accident, in a coffee-

coffee-houſe: he went the day after out of town, and I ſuppoſe returned very lately to Dublin, becauſe otherwiſe he muſt have called on me, ſince I aſked him to do ſo."—"And how came you by the information," aſked Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "of his playing the lyre, and worſhipping Phœbus, and leſſening his wants?—On my word, if he kneels away his cloaths ſo unmercifully as you deſcribe, I think he muſt *multiply* his wants, moſt abominably."

Roſe could not help ſmiling at the harmleſs archneſs of the lively Flora; Fitzpatrick laughed.—"After we met, ſaid he, of courſe I inquired about him, and learned from Colonel Ormond who knows him very well, exactly what I have told you.—By the way, that houſe which the Dunallans have at Killarney, belonged to the Barry family; it was ſold by the laſt extravagant Baronet, to Sir

Sir Hercules McDonell, of whom Lord Dunallen bought it laſt ſummer."

"Indeed!" ſaid Roſe, "and was that picture which hangs up in the parlour the portrait of this diſſipated man? what a different character it expreſſed."

"O no!" cried Mrs. Fitzpatrick "I remember an old houſekeeper there, told me that it was done for Sir John Barry's only ſon, a moſt amiable young man, and couſin to the preſent Baronet, Colville's father—poor fellow! ſhe ſaid he was drowned at the age of two-and-twenty."

The carriage ſtopping at a little Ferme ornée ſituated in the midſt of a garden, interrupted Fitzpatrick; he leaped out, and aſſiſting the two ladies, led them into the houſe.

The affectionate heart of Roſe throbbed with pleaſure when ſhe met the Ducheſs and her daughter: the former bore

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bore evident marks of recovery, and the cheeks of the latter, ſpread with their uſual bloom, announced the health and the content which ſhe was experiencing. But Miſs de Blaquiere's own cheeks were pale; and Gabrielle, who had learned but imperfectly from Mrs. Harry Fitzpatrick, the ſtrange departure of Charlemont, ſtifled the commiſerating ſigh, which almoſt eſcaped her lips.—Fitzpatrick eagerly inquiring after his mother, and his wife relating ſome recent anecdote to the Dutcheſs, left Gabrielle the opportunity of whiſpering to Roſe that ſhe hoped ſhe would give her ſoon, a whole day of her company.

"I love both my couſin and his charming wife dearly!" ſaid ſhe, "but then I love *you* better; and I have many queſtions to aſk, and many events to tell you."—"No queſtions, Gabrielle!" replied her friend, turning away, with a heavy

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heavy ſigh; "but I will dine with you to-morrow."

"Not you indeed" exclaimed Mrs. Harry Fitzpatrick—"I have five or ſix agreeable folks coming to me in the evening, and am determined upon making my couſin Gabrielle ſpend the day with *me*; you know you are very well now, dear Dutcheſs, and my good mama will ſtay with you."—"O no, I cannot think"—Flora interrupted her couſin:—"pſhaw! ſtuff!—I tell you, you *ſhall* come. What the plague! am *I*, a married woman to be oppoſed, by every maiden or widow, that chuſes to chatter and be obſtinate!—Dutcheſs! ſhall ſhe come?"

"She has my conſent;" replied her Grace, "but I will alter your arrangement, by ſending her after dinner to your houſe, and permitting her to ſleep there. Then if my favourite Roſe, will return with her

her to me, and my ſiſter, I ſhall enjoy a delightful day."

Roſe kiſſed one hand of the reſpectable Dutcheſs, while Mrs. Harry Fitzpatrick ſqueezed the other. Madame de Villemar would have ſtill heſitated, but Fitzpatrick ſcolding her into ſilence, left his love to his gadding mother, as he called her, proteſted that he had a thouſand things to do in Dublin, and bore off the unwilling ladies from the cottage and its inhabitants.

When the party reached Merrion Square, Fitzpatrick ran off to an appointment that he had made with ſome gentlemen; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick went with Roſe to call upon Miſs OBrien. They found her within, ſtaring from a window of the hotel upon the wonders of Dublin, and ſoon perſuaded her to accompany them home to dinner.

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This young lady very loudly expreſſed her amazement and admiration, when ſhe entered the ſuperb manſion of Captain Fitzpatrick: indeed it had been her misfortune never to have read the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and never to have fancied any thing more coſtly, than the old gold claw-tables, and crimſon damaſk furniture in Fort Kerry: ſhe was therefore ſtruck dumb at firſt, with this magnificence, and then ſuddenly inſpired by it.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick ran away to dreſs; and Roſe, having led her Killarney friend through all the lower apartments, and moſt of the upper ones, felt privileged to leave her in the grand ſaloon, kneeling down upon the white velvet carpet, which, painted in wreaths of flowers, attracted and redoubled her wonder.

Miſs de Blaquiere's toilet was ſoon made: her pale, but always intereſting face, wanted

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wanted no ornament except the beautiful hair by which it was ſhaded; and her figure, full of the graces of youth, needed nothing beſides its own ſimplicity, to make it unceaſingly lovely. She ſoon rejoined Miſs Prudy, who had wandered into a room placed in the warmeſt aſpect, which was crowded with flowers and birds, while the long glaſs doors opened upon a balcony, entirely filled with early roſe-plants. True to nature, Miſs Prudy ſmelt the flowers, and liſtened to the birds, with exſtacy; declaring that it ſeemed as if ſhe had got back to the gardens of Fort-Kerry.

By the time Mrs. Fitzpatrick had dreſſed, Captain Fitzpatrick had returned with Lord Glenroy. The latter accoſted Miſs de Blaquiere with ſo much cordiality, that ſhe could not fail of being gratified by it; but as ſhe looked upon his unuſually animated face, and

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gayer air, she exclaimed to herself—"all! all but I, are happy—"

Mrs. Hester in her letter to Mrs. Henry Fitzpatrick, had merely said, that some circumstances which she could not explain, but which did not by any means lessen the worth of her beloved Rose, had arisen to obstruct the purposed marriage; that in consequence of them, Charlemont had left Killarney, and she therefore begged that his name might now never be mentioned before her unhappy niece. Mrs. Fitzpatrick had religiously obeyed these injunctions, and had immediately imparted them to Madame de Villemar; as well as to Lord Glenroy, and her own husband. Though Lord Glenroy was too well acquainted with the frantic passion of his friend, for Rose de Blaquiere, to be in the least convinced that he had forfeited her hand by any action of his own; yet he was too delicate to

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think of aſking an explanation from *her*, contenting himſelf with immediately addreſſing Charlemont, earneſtly urging him, to anſwer his affectionate enquiries.

His Lordſhip believing that a miſunderſtanding on both ſides, had been the occaſion of this diſunion, ſought by thoſe tender and ſilent attentions which an amiable heart knows ſo well how to render touching, to inſinuate himſelf into the confidence of Roſe; by that means, he hoped to be enabled to form ſome plan which might reconcile her to Charlemont.

This humane conduct penetrated and charmed Roſe: ſhe could not doubt but that Charlemont had repoſed the whole affair in the boſom of his friend; had exonerated her, had criminated himſelf; how upright! how juſt! how affecting were theſe parts of his character!

how

how noble even in ruins, was the ſoul which had once been ſublimely great!— She turned with ſighs from the contemplation, and haſtily wiping off ſome tears which guſhed into her eyes, ſaw thoſe of Lord Glenroy fixed with pitying expreſſion upon her face.

There is ſomething in ſympathy with our ſorrows, which always redoubles them; Roſe was ſcarcely miſtreſs of her feelings at that moment; freſh tears ſtruggled through her cloſed eyelids, and almoſt unconſcious of what ſhe did, ſhe ſtammered out an excuſe for quitting the room, and immediately diſappeared.

The affectionate friends whom ſhe left behind, gazed after her, for an inſtant, in ſilence: Mrs. Fitzpatrick then got up, and walked to a window; Fitzpatrick ſtirred the fire almoſt out; while Lord Glenroy ſat leaning on the table, ſteadfaſtly looking upon ſome fruit which

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he was unknowingly cutting to pieces. Fitzpatrick returning from the fire, filled out bumpers of madeira, and ſtriking Glenroy upon the ſhoulder, ſaid in an agitated voice.—"Come! it can't be helped."—The viſcount ſtarted and looked up; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick returning to take her ſeat at the table, evinced by the heavineſs of her eyes, that though ſhe might have been gazing upon the ſky, ſhe had not been thinking of it.—

"Miſs OBrien my dear!" ſaid ſhe addreſſing that young lady (who buſily employed in eating ſtrawberries and cream, had not obſerved any thing which paſſed,) "I fear Miſs de Blaquiere is not well: will you follow her, and take her into the drawing-room to tea."—Miſs Prudy roſe with alacrity, and leaving her half-finiſhed ſtrawberries, haſtened to obey the command.—

"Roſe

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"Roſe ſeems very unhappy, my dear madam," ſaid Lord Glenroy, as Miſs OBrien ſhut the door—"and yet her aunt ſays that Charlemont relinquiſhed her hand by her own deſire: it is ſtrange!—I cannot make it out."—

"Mrs. Heſter forbid me to make any inquiries;" replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "ſhe aſſured me that Roſe had acted properly in the buſineſs; ſhe requeſted me never to mention the name of——but I have told you all this before. Alas! what can I do? I ſee the dear girl ſo altered, that my heart aches whenever I look at her; and though I exert all my ſtrength, to be as chearful as poſſible, yet my ſpirits flag in ſpite of me.—Tell me Harry, how ſhall I act?"—

"I'll tell you what I would do"—returned her huſband kiſſing the hand which ſhe had laid upon his ſhoulder—"were I in your place, I would draw out

of her the whole buſineſs. Grant that it does give her pain, what then? to heal wounds we muſt not handle them with cotton. Depend upon it there is nothing more required, to place things as they were before, but ſome friend that loves Charlemont and loves *her*.—You know Charlemont is at times as paſſionate as a whirlwind; but then his heart is all affection: and, that he loved this fooliſh, unhappy girl, we all know. Of courſe then, he can have done nothing but miſinterpret ſome thoughtleſs action of hers, and ſhe has been offended, and he has burſt out into rage; then ſhe was too proud I ſuppoſe, to recall him, and he was too angry to aſk it; and ſo they have parted: and then comes Mrs. Heſter—who with all her goodneſs, is as errant an old maid as the beſt of 'em—and ſhe pops her repentant niece into a coach, tells her of the delicacy

cacy of her ſex, and ſends her to cry and grow ugly in Dublin, over her own *love*, and her aunt's *dignity!*—ſhoot me to death, if this is not the whole affair."—

Lord Glenroy ſhook his head, but Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſmiled; and ſhaking her huſband's hand by the one which he ſtill retained, ſaid, "Well! I take your advice Harry.—If you and my lord there, will try to learn Charlemont's account of the ſtory; I will anſwer, for drawing forth hers. And then, if we cannot reſtore them to each other, why we muſt all go hang ourſelves I think."—

As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe rang for tea to be carried into one of the drawing-rooms, and bidding the gentlemen ſoon follow her, quitted the apartment.—Roſe was already in the ſaloon with Miſs O'Brien; Mrs. Fitzpatrick found them both ſeated

by the table, the one beginning to make tea, the other ſtaring and touching the gilt plate of urns and ſalvers, which compoſed a part of the tea equipage. Roſe ſaw with benevolent pleaſure, that Miſs Prudy was delighted; ſhe did not deſpiſe the limited intellect which could receive the higheſt gratification from things little above the capacity of a child, but kindly ſought to gratify it by patiently anſwering every queſtion which the wondering yet good-hearted Miſs OBrien could dictate.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was leſs conſiderate: uſed all her life to the ſplendours of modern luxury, and ſurrounded from infancy by all the trappings of wealth, *ſhe* ſaw nothing more aſtoniſhing in gilt ſervices, ſets of diamonds, and crowds of liveried attendants, than poor Miſs Prudy did, in the formal yew-hedges round her father's houſe, and the faded

lumber

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lumber within it.—Unfortunately Miſs Prudy could not conceal her admiration; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick thought it but reaſonable that ſhe ſhould not conceal her laughter. The beſeeching eyes of Roſe ſoon reproved her mirth: Mrs. Fitzpatrick ran up to the ſcarlet-bluſhing ruſtic whom ſhe had thrown *all of a heap* by a violent peal of merriment, and ingenuouſly begging her pardon, confeſſed that ſhe was behaving in the rudeſt manner. Miſs Prudy's broad cheeks, immediately teſtified by dimples like whirlpools, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick might offend with impunity; ſhe gave her hand to her lively hoſteſs, who led her to a ſeat next her own; and there Miſs Prudy quickly found converſation, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick patience.—

When Captain Fitzpatrick and Lord Glenroy entered the drawing-room, Roſe had reaſoned herſelf into an appear-

gnee of chearfulneſs, which ſoon gave the tone to the whole company; Mrs. Fitzpatrick's archneſs, Miſs Prudy's round eyes, brim-full with glee, were irreſiſtible: Roſe deſpiſed ſelfiſh ſenſibility, and would have hated herſelf, had ſhe not been capable of great exertions to hide her own bitter recollections from the friends to whom ſhe was ſo dear.—

The remainder of the evening paſſed off, with a gaiety which the commencement had far from promiſed. At ſupper Sir Kenelm OBrien came to take his daughter home, and as he was eaſily prevailed upon to eat the cold pigeon which Mrs. Fitzpatrick's beautiful hand preſented, the party did not ſeparate till a late hour.—

The next day after breakfaſt, near two hours were ſpent by Mrs. Fitzpatrick in ſelecting from mantua-makers and milliners

ners every thing which she fancied Miss de Blaquiere wanted for her decoration. Rose hated finery, but her friend loved what she called richness of dress, and as she was always magnificent in her own cloaths; and was beautiful enough to make every thing become her, Miss de Blaquiere acquiesced for the sake of quietness, in the new style which she was bid to adopt.—In the midst of this bustle, Mrs. Bellingham was announced: her affectionate daughter leaped away from a heap of gold muslin and French lace amongst which she was standing, and threw herself into her mother's arms. —"My dear mamma! when did you come to town? why did not you send for me; but you are so good!"—

"My love!" replied Mrs. Bellingham, "we are but just returned. Mr. Bellingham came back much sooner than he at first intended; but who is this

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young lady, Flora? I know you expected Miss de Blaquiere."

"It is Miss de Blaquiere!" replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick, taking the hand of Rose, who curtsied gratefully to the flattering welcome of Mrs. Bellingham. For the first time in her life, a pang of envy fastened on her heart: that heart thrilled with sympathy of the delightful affection which she saw beaming from the eyes of both the charming women before her; but she knew no mother, no fond, no unalienable parent, whose bosom would beat in unison with her's. Her eyes, dark and sad, sought the ground; while Mrs. Fitzpatrick running on, in an endless string of questions about her father, her brother, and her friends in Mayo, left time for Rose to recover from these strange sensations.

"Heavens, my child!" said Mrs. Bellingham, as one of a multitude of knocks

knocks echoed from the door along the ſtreet, "what a viſiting-book muſt you have! ſurely Miſs de Blaquiere muſt be ſtunned with all this noiſe!"

"Sure Miſs de Blaquiere had a pretty good gueſs of what ſhe was coming to," replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick, laughing at her domeſtic mother's conſternation.—"Upon my life, I don't think that either knockings or carriages, are half ſo horrid as her uncle's rookery. But you ſee, my dear mamma, that I don't let any of theſe people in. In all my liſt, and to ſay the truth, it *is* a tremendous one, there are not above half a dozen folks, whom I ſuffer to ſee me before dinner."

"If you did otherwiſe," anſwered her mother, with a ſweet ſmile, "it would be a dreadful waſte of time."

"So it would, dear mamma, and therefore I lump them all together in an even-

ing, now and then, and then they are done with, for a month at leaſt. Indeed I think it is a vaſt deal better than cutting out one's precious life into ſippets, as people in middling ſtations are obliged to do, with their formal morning calls of three hours at a ſtretch, and their horrible proſing parties every night, of nine or ten at a time. There they ſit, poor wretches! in a tremendous circle, all round the room, ſtaring upon one another, and never daring to ſpeak, but when they addreſs the whole of this formidable body. Now in my parties, you may get an agreeable friend into a corner. Aſſuredly a woman of a certain faſhion, from the liberty of denying herſelf, has it more in her power than humbler gentlewomen can have, to employ her time rationally."

"*You* have certainly been employing yourſelf very rationally Flora!" ſaid Mrs. Bellingham,

Bellingham, rising, and smiling over the heaps of beads and feathers, and crapes, which the milliners had left in their retreat, "but fare you well! I promised Mr. Bellingham not to sit down."

"Oh! but I'll go home with you mother," cried Mrs. Fitzpatrick; "I must pay my duty to my father." She hastily rung the bell for her maid, and commissioned with Miss de Blaquiere's compliments to Mr. George Bellingham, the mother and daughter drove off.

CHAP-

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CHAPTER X.

THE family in Merrion-square did not meet again till dinner. The meal was quickly diſpatched, as Mrs. Fitzpatrick had not returned time enough to dreſs; and Roſe, abſorbed in reading, had truſted to the ſound of her carriage-wheels, for the ſignal of commencing her own toilet. While the deſert was yet untouched, Captain Fitzpatrick went into his ſtudy to write ſome notes, and the ladies retired to their ſeparate dreſſing-rooms.

Roſe had juſt taken out the comb which faſtened up her fine hair, when Mrs. Fitzpatrick's maid tapped at her door, to beg ſhe would walk into her miſtreſs's room. Roſe hurried to obey

the

the ſummons: ſhe found Captain Fitzpatrick and his wife together.

"I don't know how your ornaments are diſpoſed for to-night," ſaid he, as ſhe came in, "but I have got necklaces for you and Flora, which, if you don't wear, I ſhall be very much offended. Will you accept this trifle from me, my dear Roſe?" added he, taking out a diamond necklace and locket, from a caſe which he held in his hand. Roſe tried to ſpeak, but could not; the value of the preſent abaſhed her. She would have refuſed it, but there was ſomething in Fitzpatrick's manner which made a refuſal impoſſible. He lifted up the thick, ſhining treſſes, hanging about her neck, and tying on the necklace, kiſſed her hand, and went to his wife.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſtretched out her throat with an affectionate eagerneſs; her huſband haſtily put the diamonds round

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it, then took her in his arms for a few moments, and broke away.

"Hey-day!" exclaimed Flora, as he ſhut the door, "what whim has ſeized my good man? I proteſt his eyes were as watery as a rainbow; and he has gone off with ſuch a tragedy bounce, that I ſhall not recover myſelf for a week to come. Go, Roſe, get along and dreſs yourſelf; this fellow has turned ſo infectiouſly ſentimental, that I muſt ſit down, and kiſs his dear light locks in this ſparkling locket, for half an hour at leaſt."

Roſe, glancing upon that which reſted upon her own boſom, ſaw that it contained the mingled hair of Fitzpatrick and his wife; and uttering ſome incoherent expreſſions of friendſhip, ſhe haſtened away to finiſh her toilet.

Reveries, ſome painful, ſome pleaſing, had ſo retarded Miſs de Blaquiere's dreſſing,

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dreſſing, that ſhe did not enter the drawing-rooms, till moſt of the evening-party were collected. The firſt object that caught her attention, was Madame de Villemar talking with Mrs. Bellingham. She immediately paſſed on to them, unconſcious of the admiration ſhe had excited.

Mr. Colville Barry was gazing after her, with aſtoniſhment. The dreſs ſhe wore, which ſat very tight to her ſhape, and was ornamented by a large ruff falling back from her beautiful ſhoulders, was calculated to heighten all the graces of her figure. Her brightly-white forehead, from which her raven-hair fell in gloſſy ringlets, was almoſt wholly ſhewn, by a Spaniſh hat, turned up with a jewel and feather. The fine arch of her brows, the graceful turn of her neck, the brilliancy of her eyes, and the poliſhed ivory of her complexion, to which agitation

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and hurry had given all its former ardent bloom, were ſo dazzlingly beautiful, that Colville Barry gazed after her, incapable of ſpeaking; and young Lord Bindon whiſpered, with an oath, Miſs de Blaquiere was an angel. Roſe,

"With bluſhes redd'ning as ſhe moved along,
"Diſordered at the deep regard ſhe drew,"

haſtily threw herſelf into a ſeat near Madame de Villemar. She had ſcarcely time to make enquiries about the Ducheſs, when Lord Bindon, bowing and colouring with exceſs of pleaſure, preſented himſelf before her. During the careleſs converſation which ſhe was forced to hold with him, her eye ran over the company, and ſhe found, amongſt a very large party, that there was only the Carysforts and the OBriens, whom ſhe could be ſaid to know. Mr. Barry ſhe had ſeen, and the introduction which had paſſed between her and Lord Bindon's

Bindon's family, authorized her to enter into that diſcourſe which the miſſes, his ſiſters, evidently ſought.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, all ſmiles and gaiety, was able to ſay a multitude of pleaſant things to every body; and Captain Fitzpatrick did the honours of his houſe with eaſe and chearfulneſs.

Madame de Villemar's penſive, but lovely face, had never looked more lovely; ſhe ſat watching for the entrance of Lord Glenroy, although ſhe would not allow, to her own heart, that ſhe did ſo; and frequently ſunk into abſtraction, ſtarted with a ſudden flush of crimſon, whenever ſhe was addreſſed or ſpoken of.

By degrees the party broke into ſets; ſome went to cards, and the reſt, upon a hint of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's, followed her into a ball-room, where harps and violins gave the ſignal for a dance. This

pleaſure

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pleaſure was doubly ſweet, becauſe it was unexpected. The young women immediately diſpoſed of their trains, and the hilarity commenced.

Roſe was ſtanding oppoſite to Lord Bindon, who had obtained her hand, when Mr. Carysfort approached her. He caſt his almoſt-admiring eyes upon the diamond necklace which lay on her boſom, and repeated—

'On her white neck a ſparkling chain ſhe wore.'

You know the reſt."

"Yes! but I'd thank you to make ſenſe of the reſt, ſince you have altered this," ſaid Roſe, with a ſmile half contempt, half good humour; "when any one preſumes to change even a word in the verſes of a great poet, I think that he pledges himſelf to give equal wit, or beauty, or whatever elſe you may call it, to the line which he thus mutilates."

"I had forgotten that I was ſpeaking

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to a literary lady," returned Mr. Carysfort, laying particular emphasis upon the term lady, "they are generally very severe critics. To quote the words of your *great* Poet—

'A *little* learning is a dangerous thing,' &c."

He turned off, with a sneer, leaving Rose smiling at her own folly, in ever attempting to answer his impertinence. The voice of her partner calling her to attend to the dance, made her eyes meet those of Colville Barry. There was a calm scrutiny in the penetrating expression of this young man's face, which somewhat disconcerted Rose. He saw her blush, and moving away, as he did so, he walked up to Miss OBrien.

Poor Miss Prudy, whose head had been tortured, under the hair-dresser's hands, into a mountain of friz, which completely evinced that he had done what

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what he promiſed to do, made a glorious jobb of it, was ſitting alone at one end of the room, enjoying with her whole honeſt heart, the gay ſcenes before her. Mr. Barry, pleaſed with her ſincere good humour, and touched by the neglect which ſhe was ſuffering, bowed with a ſerious ſort of ſweetneſs, and engaged her to become his partner in the dance.

"Is this the effect of high ſelf-opinion?" ſaid Roſe to herſelf, as ſhe ſaw the admired Colville Barry bow, with an air of humility, to the widely-grinning Miſs OBrien. "With what haughty coldneſs he ſeemed to avoid every other woman! Has *he* then the abſurd vanity of ſtriving to make every ſenſible woman picqued, becauſe he diſdains to beſtow his hand in a dance, upon one aware of its value? What littleneſs of character!"

While theſe reflections paſſed in her mind,

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mind, Mr. Barry was not idle in drawing inferences to *her* diſadvantage. "So innocent, ſo touching, ſo affecting in her beauty, and yet ſo different in reality! With what keenneſs ſhe endeavoured to cut Mr. Carysfort, and with what weakneſs ſhe now liſtens to thoſe empty, flattering fools, that ſurround her! Poor, ſpoiled girl! I have no doubt but ſhe is rich, and idolized, and has had good talents ruined, by being told that repartee became her." Barry turned, with redoubled complacency, to Miſs Prudy, in whoſe diverting remarks he ſoon loſt ſight, even of the beautiful Roſe.

When the two firſt dances were over, Lord Bindon led his partner to a ſeat. The reſt of the gentlemen were either obliged to attend their partners, or ſent off on commiſſions, by Mrs. Fitzpatrick; therefore Roſe found herſelf releaſed from a load of their tireſome compli-

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ments. Lord Bindon, preſenting her with ſome *capital* lavender-water, to pour on her handkerchief, remarked that his poor friend, Miſs Prudy OBrien, had got a *decentiſh* ſort of beau at laſt.—"For Heaven's ſake! Miſs de Blaquiere," ſaid he, laughing behind her fan, which he was then playing with, "can any thing human look on Miſs OBrien, and live? Do but admire thoſe cannon-ized curls which are mounted over her ears! that ſublime im-meaſurability of face! that high-way of a noſe! that amazing magnitude of head! I vow, by gad! that I never ſaw any thing like it."

"Well!" replied Roſe, "only transfer your obſervations of Miſs OBrien's perſon, to Miſs OBrien's ———"

"Mind! there I have you again, Miſs de Blaquiere."

"No; her *heart*, my Lord! which is

is worth all he acquirements of intellect, or graces of figure, and then you will ceaſe to think of any thing but her reſpectability, as a daughter and a friend."

Lord Bindon, recollecting that Miſs de Blaquiere had come to town with the OBriens, gaily apologized for his nonſenſe, declared he did not mean one half of it, and then aſked her if ſhe knew Mr. Colville Barry.

"I have been introduced to him, and that is all."

"And that's quite enough, of all conſcience," anſwered his Lordſhip, "he is the moſt inſolent pretender to talents that you can conceive; and what there is to be proud of, in being able to ſtring half a dozen rhymes together, I can't imagine. Curſe me! if I would be the author of any book in the world, if I could get it for wiſhing for."

"You have then a happy contempt

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for books?" ſaid Roſe, with a ſtifled ſmile. Lord Bindon being always of the opinion of the laſt ſpeaker, did not know how to anſwer, becauſe he could not find out her thoughts on the ſubject; he ſtammered, and Roſe, irreſiſtibly impelled to draw forth a character which might entertain her by its abſurdity, ſaid, "I ſhould not think that *you* required or gained any aſſiſtance from a library, my Lord! Books are only uſeful to teach people, what experience always teaches them more effectually. A man mixing with the world, will certainly know characters much better than all the ſtudents in the univerſity."

"Exactly ſo!" cried his Lordſhip, eagerly, "that's juſt *my* opinion. I go about from place to place, every day of my life; ſometimes I am in thirty houſes of a day: a fine opportunity for ſtudying characters you ſee!"

"Yes,

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"Yes, assuredly," replied Rose, looking down to hide the ridicule which was laughing in her eyes, "that is the only way for a man of fashion to study character, and to become shortly no character himself."

Lord Bindon's enlarged eyes seemed to ask, whether this were a compliment or a reproof. Rose, translating their language, answered in a gayer tone—"You know that the polish of fashion must rub down all individualities. I fancy a truly *fine man* should have no singularity of any kind, to distinguish him from the mass of well-bred people."

"No! because one hates a singular character," returned his Lordship.—"There's old Sir Hugh Hickey, for instance, with his large gilt buttons, and his broad-brimmed hat, every body laughs at him."

A satirical speech trembled upon

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Roſe's lips, as ſhe liſtened to Lord Bindon's very ſapient analyſis of character, but ſhe repreſſed it. "I am infected by this Mr. Carysfort," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "and ſcarcely know my own nature; yet this man is ſo ridiculous ——" She puſhed her chair away as ſhe thought thus, and met again the ſcrutiny of Colville Barry. His countenance proved that he was entertained; though at the ſame time the converſation which he had unintentionally liſtened to, from the firſt noble declaration of Lord Bindon, about deſpiſing all the authorſhip in the world, had convinced him ſtill further, that Miſs de Blaquiere was ſatirical, and therefore to be ſhunned. He bowed to her with a ſmile, which ſeemed to ſay, "How unmercifully you have drawn out this man's folly," and paſſed on.

Lord Bindon looked after him with an air of diſdain. "Did you ever ſee ſuch an

an insolent fellow! he stalks about like an Emperor. One would think he was the richest man in Ireland; and to my knowledge, he is as poor as a church-mouse. If people *will* give themselves airs, let them have done something to authorize their insolence."

"Do you think that insolence may be authorized?"

"Why, if a man were high-bred, and able to live in a certain stile," replied the confused Lord, "he might, nay, I think he ought, to *shirk* all such folks as nobody knows, who push themselves into parties nobody knows how, and contrive to live upon nobody knows what. I have no notion of equality, and all that *bother*; I'd have people keep their proper places. Perhaps you don't know that this Barry is nothing but a lawyer. Faith! it's a comical mixture, lords and lawyers!"

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Miſs de Blaquiere, incapable of ſpeaking, from the diſguſt which had ſucceeded to her contempt of the young Baron, eyed him ſilently from head to foot. He was too much occupied in ſtretching his long rambling figure, to obſerve her glances; but, ſtarting from his ſeat, as Miſs Prudy OBrien, catching an opportunity when no one looked, was croſſing the room to them, he ſaid, in a half whiſper to Roſe, while he gazed on Miſs Prudy,

"Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
"That I *will* ſpeak to thee."

The commencement of a new dance, which Roſe declined joining in, carried away Miſs OBrien and his Lordſhip, and left Miſs de Blaquiere to ſuch entertainment as her own thoughts could afford. It was then that her ſpirits relaxed with aggravated force. "What have

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have I to do in this scene?" she said to herself, as the steps of the dancers, and the sprightly sound of the harps rang in her ears; "do I come to forget in it the virtues, and to cherish the remembrance of the errors of Charlemont? Ah! vain hope! every creature makes his virtues appear more radiant, his faults less odious. These men, who seem to have no hearts, render the warmth of his, erring as it was, fatally precious. I ought not to have left Castle-Connel; there I compared him with himself, and I found no difficulty in hating him; here I am compelled to compare him with others."

These thoughts saddened her eyes, and faded her complexion; and when Barry, who had conceived a curious kind of interest in her strange character, looked at her again, he saw all the splen-

dours of her countenance utterly extinguished. Madame de Villemar was his partner; as they stood together at the end of the set, he made some animated observation to her, upon the beauty of Miss de Blaquiere.

"She *was!*" replied Gabrielle, forgetting what she implied by that "She *was* the most beautiful creature in the world." Mrs. Fitzpatrick flying down the dance, separated them; but Barry, remembered the word *was*, and sent his observing eye once more towards Rose.

The bewitching figure, and exquisite dancing of the young Mrs. Fitzpatrick, had drawn off some admiration from Miss de Blaquiere, who, much changed in looks, sat now sorrowfully gazing on the dancers, and ruminating upon her dear home. Fitzpatrick, who had slipped away from the card-rooms, to take a

glance

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glance at the gayer party, was ſtanding aloof, with his arms folded, contemplating his wife.

Roſe, attracted by his penſive attitude, thought he appeared unuſually grave; and, watching him more cloſely, ſaw him draw his hand haſtily acroſs his eyes, as his wife running up to him, and tapping him on the arm, aſked him what he looked ſo rueful at?

Fitzpatrick made ſome affectionate reply, but immediately quitted the room. When Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſaw him cloſe the door, ſhe ſtooped to the ear of Miſs de Blaquiere, whiſpering, half alarmed, "I hope the wretch is not angry with me, for romping here amongſt his own friends!—If he takes a jealous fit, it is all over with us."

Roſe had no time to anſwer, for Colonel Ormond led her into the ſet again; but as ſhe had herſel obſerved, with

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ſurprize, the emotion of Fitzpatrick, ſhe rejoiced to ſee Flora glide out of the room, and remain abſent, till ſupper was announced.

The collation to which the company were ſummoned, conſiſted of every delicacy which taſte and wealth could procure; and as it was cold, they either ſtood round the table, or ſeparated into parties, receiving refreſhments from the hands of the gentlemen.

Roſe, and Madame de Villemar were converſing together in the receſs of a window, near the door, when Lord Glenroy, trembling with an agitation, for which both ladies knew how to account, entered, and immediately ſtopped. He paid his compliments to Miſs de Blaquiere, in a hurried voice; and ſtill keeping his eyes upon the ground, as if he had not ſeen her companion, leaned in the receſs beſide them, without venturing

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turing to ſpeak again. Madame de Villemar, hardly able to ſtand, from the variety of emotions which preſſed upon her, was as ſilent as himſelf. Roſe only found voice, and aſked why they had not the pleaſure of ſeeing his Lordſhip at an earlier hour? Lord Glenroy attempted ſome excuſe, but did not ſucceed: to ſay the truth, he had ſeveral times, during the evening, approached the houſe; but irreſolute and timid, had hurried home again. The abſence of Gabrielle, from the only place where ſhe was likely to meet him, and to which the ties of relationſhip ought before to have brought her, had alarmed his too-diffident heart: He had not allowed for the ſhrinking delicacy, which had cauſed Madame de Villemar to fly from the invitations of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, becauſe ſhe was convinced that Mrs. Fitzpatrick knew of her attachment to the Viſcount.

Flora,

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Flora, either by accident or design, fortunately called Miss de Blaquiere, at this period, to one of the supper-tables. She hastened to obey, leaving the agitated Gabrielle to receive, from Lord Glenroy, a true account of his protracted absence from the party, and to have him pour into her happy heart, all the tenderness of his.

When Rose reached the groupe to which she was summoned, she found Fitzpatrick and Flora as gay as ever. They were laughing over some brilliant sallies of Colonel Ormond's, a very accomplished and sensible man. Colville Barry, still encircled by an atmosphere of reserve, was listening to the conversation, but not joining in it; he made way for Miss de Blaquiere to pass him, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick said, "I called for you Rose, that we might have some singing; here is a gentleman (pointing to Colonel Ormond),

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Ormond), that will ſing, if you will ſet him the example."

Roſe looked round the large and crowded room, with a diſtreſſed air. "Pſhaw! never mind!" cried Fitzpatrick, "thoſe folks are all too buſy making love, or talking ſcandal, to pay much attention to us; begin, at once." Roſe bowed, and yielded.

The downcaſt eyes, bluſhing cheek, and trembling, yet ſweet voice of this intereſting creature, raiſed freſh aſtoniſhment in the mind of Colville Barry. He viewed her with increaſed curioſity, and as ſhe modeſtly drew back, when the ſong was ended, ſtill followed her with his eyes.

The expreſſions of delight, which burſt from the lips of Lord Bindon, Colonel Carysfort, and half a dozen more men, whom Miſs de Blaquiere's voice had brought from the other end of the room,

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room, were silenced by Colonel Ormond, whose good breeding prompted him to diminish Miss de Blaquiere's confusion, by calling some part of the company's attention to himself. With grace and expression, he sung the following

BALLAD.

The Exile's Return.

O woods of green Erin! sweet, sweet was the breeze,
That rustled long since thro' your wide-spreading trees;
And sweet was the flow of your waters to hear,
And precious my cabin, the home of my dear!—
For then thro' your groves, by your waters I walk'd,
And with Norah of love and of happiness talk'd;
While calm as the moonlight that silver'd your charms,
My child, softly sleeping, lay press'd in her arms:

But now that I visit thee, Erin! again,
Tho' years have pass'd o'er me, they've pass'd me in vain;

Thy

Thy woods, and thy lakes, and thy mountains, no more
Can renew ſuch fond thrills as they kindled before.
Still green are thy mountains, ſtill green are thy groves,
Still tranquil the water my ſad ſpirit loves;
But dark is my home, and wild, wild its trees wave,
For my wife and my baby are duſt in the grave!

After the laſt notes of Colonel Ormond's really fine voice ſunk upon the ear, a general buz of applauſe followed. As Roſe turned from ſome whiſpered compliment to herſelf, ſhe heard the Colonel tell Fitzpatrick, that he was indebted to the muſe of his friend Barry, for the words which he had juſt given.

Some civil things were now addreſſed to the young Poet, who received them with a coldneſs, which Roſe thought indicative of a haughty, unthankful ſpirit. Unconſcious that Mr. Barry, who had inveſti-

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inveſtigated the hollow ephemera about her, knew well that their praiſe, and their cenſure, were alike contemptible. Barry, however, was ſometimes unjuſt, in confounding every one with the maſs which he deſpiſed; but his heart had been ſeverely ſtung by inſolence, and wounded by pride: He had found that neither fine talents, nor juſt principles, had been able to command for him that conſideration in ſociety, which he was nobly conſcious of deſerving; and he therefore perſevered in treating with ſtern indifference thoſe, whoſe moral blindneſs rendered them inſenſible to the brightneſs of virtue.

After bowing, with great ſuavity, to the ingenuous praiſe of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and aſſuring her that theſe verſes were written when a boy, he ſcarcely condeſcended to notice the parrot-like encomiums of Lord Bindon, and ſome other

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other men, but walked to another part of the room, where he joined Sir Kenelm OBrien.

Italian duets now followed from the Miſs Careys, Lord Bindon's ſiſters, who were very faſhionable young women, and ſang in a very ſhowy ſtile. Miſs Prudy OBrien, whoſe uneducated ear could not underſtand mere *fine* ſinging, whiſpered to Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

"Och me! what hallowing and bawling! ſure, I never heard any thing like it in all my life, but *wonſt*, when two owls got into the chimney: och! and I'd be bound to *ſcreech* juſt as loud."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, almoſt ſuffocated with laughter, at the ludicrous aſſociation which the two elegant Miſs Careys had created in the mind of Miſs OBrien, motioned her to be ſilent, while ſhe covered her face with her fan, to conceal her own ſmiles.

After

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After a few more ſongs the company diſperſed; and Lord Glenroy, at the ſound of their clamorous "Good nights!" recollected that he and Gabrielle had forgotten every thing but themſelves: the latter glided away to her own room, while his Lordſhip, mingling with the gentlemen, appeared as if he had juſt come in. Soon after he took his leave.

When Madame de Villemar and Miſs de Blaquiere got into the Dowager Mrs. Fitzpatrick's carriage, which was to convey them to the cottage, Mrs. Fitzpatrick went to ſpend the day at her mother's.

As the coach rolled ſlowly along the road, Roſe, willing to relieve the embarraſſment which ſhe ſaw glowing in the eyes of her friend, entered into immediate converſation. Gabrielle anſwered her but vaguely: and at length, throwing one of her arms round the neck

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neck of Roſe, ſhe ſaid—" Why am I ſo childiſh as to be abaſhed at telling you that laſt night has made me the happieſt of the happy! I have learned from Lord Glenroy's own lips that he ſtill eſteems me: I have now nothing more to wiſh." Roſe embraced her.

" That I ſympathiſe with all your pains and joys, my Gabrielle, theſe tears will convince you. May every wiſh of your dear heart be gratified; and O! grant, good Providence!" ſhe added, claſping her hands with earneſtneſs, " that the cup of bliſs may not be raiſed to her lips only to be daſhed away!" Mad. de Villemar was greatly moved as ſhe looked upon the wretched countenance of Roſe; but ſhe reſpected her ſorrows too much to intrude upon them, convinced that, if ſhe with-held her confidence, it was from the nobleſt motive. She then haſtened to inform her

her friend, that Lord Glenroy had requeſted permiſſion to viſit at her mother's, and had aſſured her that, immemediately on his father's arrival in Dublin, he would lay before him his future intentions; little doubting that Lord Dunallan would give them his entire ſanction.

The Dutcheſs and Mrs. Fitzpatrick received the two friends with careſſes: their cottage was entirely ſurrounded by a beautiful garden, then bluſhing in all the ſweets of the firſt May-day. Mrs. Fitzpatrick being paſſionately fond of the open air, ſoon drew Miſs de Blaquiere into it. Roſe contented herſelf, while ſhe was toiling after a more robuſt companion, with the idea that Mad. de Villemar and her mother were enjoying the gratification of confidence. She liſtened with penſive pleaſure to the frank encomiums which Mrs. Fitzpatrick was be-

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beſtowing upon her ſon and his charming wife; and then returned home with her to dinner, more tired in body than in ſpirit.

The chearful piety which ſhone in the mild eyes of the reſpectable Dutcheſs, and the beautiful morality which ſhe contrived to inculcate by her converſation, were never loſt upon Roſe. Misfortune, and the dignity with which ſhe bore it, rendered the Dutcheſs a far more intereſting object to her, than the gay-hearted Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who yet retained all the livelineſs of her country.

Roſe devoted herſelf to ſhare in the rational enjoyment, which the reſtoration of the Dutcheſs's health and Gabrielle's peace had occaſioned in the cottage; and, ere ſhe quitted it the next day for Dublin and ſplendor, ſhe ſighed over the exchange.

When

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When ſhe arrived in Merrion-ſquare, ſhe found that new engagements had been made for her; cards of invitation were ſent by ſeveral Ladies, on hearing that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had a viſitor. Amongſt theſe, one from the Dutcheſs of Connaught, for her weekly aſſemblies, entirely diſconcerted Roſe. "Oh! for pity's ſake, my dear Flora!" ſaid ſhe, as ſhe read; "at home on Thurſdays." "Do not drag me to this place every week. You will abſolutely kill me, if you do not ſuffer me to have a little quiet."

"So you ſhall have, child!" anſwered her friend, "if you will be but patient; only ſacrifice a few of your evenings to me for this next fortnight, and after that we will go to a charming place we have got, fifteen miles off, and be as retired as you pleaſe. At preſent, I am ſure company is a great deal better for you than

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than all the rocks and woods in the world."

"You miſtake my character, dear Mrs. Fitzpatrick," ſaid Roſe, with a firm tone, "if you think that diſſipation is neceſſary to keep me from regret. Every hour of reflection, ſo far from increaſing my ſorrow, muſt diminiſh it. I have relinquiſhed upon principle, that which principle daily teaches me more ſtrenuouſly to ſhun; and it is only then, when I am ſurrounded by the unthinking and inſignificant, that my heart trembles with momentary weakneſs."

"You don't claſs *me* with theſe inſignificants, do you?"

Roſe caught her hand. "Oh! you know well enough that I love, that I admire you! but you know alſo, that the maſs of the people with whom we meet in great cities are juſt what I have deſcribed."

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"Roſe," ſaid Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with a ſerious air, "I am afraid you deceive yourſelf: your looks, your manners, are not what they were: tell me, are you unhappy?"

"I am not *happy*," returned Roſe, while tears ſtarted into her eyes; "and perhaps never ſhall be. The diſappointment, which I ſometimes think has affected both my heart and my temper, will very likely give a melancholy colour to every future moment of my life. I had repoſed intirely upon the principles and feelings of one man; they failed me: I found him not what he appeared, and I have given him up for ever."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, ſcarcely knowing what to ſay, but much affected, looked down: at length, after a pauſe, ſhe ſaid —"May not appearances have deceived you; actions been miſrepreſented?"

"No,

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"No, no," cried Roſe, ſtarting from her ſeat, with a pang of acute recollection; "I had *proof*, a proof that will ache in my heart to the laſt hour of my exiſtence. Yet think not that I would calumniate Mr. Charlemont; he has great virtues, but I can never love him again."

"Not love him, Roſe!" ſaid the pitying Flora, looking earneſtly upon her deathly countenance; "ah! how you deceive yourſelf!"

"Indeed I do not," Miſs de Blaquiere replied, with a calmer voice; "yet I regret bitterly that his character was ſo imperfect; I regret that I was obliged to tear him from my heart: but I *have* done ſo, indeed I have."

"And may not I, who love *you*, who admire *him*, be told how this has ariſen?"

"Do not ask me, Flora! I would not disclose errors, which I am sure he repents, and will atone for. I assure you that I have gone upon evidence; and now, let us never more revert to the subject."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick yielded her assent with a sigh, and they parted for a while.

That day (which was spent entirely at home, and which Captain Fitzpatrick rendered delightful, by alternately giving them music and reading), fitted the trio for the next evening's gaiety at the Dutchess of Connaught's.

Long affectionate letters, from Mr. ONiel and Mrs. Hester rendered the task of appearing chearful comparatively easy to their niece. She entered the gorgeous rooms in Connaught House with less brilliancy of look and manner than she had worn at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's party; but she experienced a composure of

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of ſpirits, which promiſed a longer continuance.

The company was much more numerous than ſhe had expected; and, amongſt all the crowd of figures and faces paſſing before her, ſhe could recollect none except the Bindon family and ſome officers of Fitzpatrick's regiment. The Hon. Miſs Lucretia Carey, who was toſſing her high feathers backwards and forwards, with a pretty ſort of affectation, at length got ſqueezed through a mob of trains and cocked hats, to the ſide of Roſe.

"What a dreadful crowd, Miſs de Blaquiere," ſaid ſhe, ſettling the flowers of a large bouquet, which had almoſt been torn off in her paſſage. "O dear! I'm ready to faint—how horribly warm it is!—Good Gracious! isn't it juſt like the Eaſt Indies?—Pray how do I look? an't I almoſt quite demoliſhed?—I'm

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ſure I look a ſhocking fright; for that tall, ill-natured Mr. Carysfort, came with his great ſhoulder quite acroſs my cheek, and I'm ſure he has taken all the rouge off; I'm ſure he did it on purpoſe—an odious, ſpiteful thing as he is!—An't I quite a fright, Miſs de Blaquiere?"

"No, indeed! I think you would look exceſſively well if you would rub off ſome of the colour which remains upon your left cheek. I don't think that ſo much red ſuits the character of your countenance."

"What! I've got no ſpirit in my looks!" cried Miſs Lucretia.

"You have got no fierceneſs," returned Roſe; "I fancy Nature intended your blue eyes to look ſoft, and you will ſtrive to make them ſtare."

Miſs Carey immediately applied her handkerchief to her face, ſaying, at the ſame

ſame time, " This is ſo good-natured of you, to put one into good humour with one's ſelf. Well! I proteſt, after having ſeen that Miſs Prudy OBrien at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's, one would never like colour again as long as one lived. Now, you look as pale as a ghoſt to night, and yet vaſtly pretty: perhaps the men may not think it quite ſo well, but then, they have no taſte."

Away ſqueezed Miſs Lucretia, after this ſtriking proof of her own good nature; and Roſe paſſing on, to follow Mrs. Fitzpatrick, forgot both the ſpeech and its author.

After paying their compliments to the Dutcheſs, Roſe and Mrs. Fitzpatrick were ſeparated by the crowd, and the former found herſelf left entirely amongſt people whom ſhe had never ſeen, and whoſe broad ſtares and loud whiſpers utterly confounded her. In

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this disagreeable situation she was observed and joined by Col. Ormond, whose good breeding and excellent understanding made her listen with satisfaction to his conversation. While he complimented her very highly upon her person and talents, he contrived to do it in so delicate a manner as to leave so much to her own apprehension, that, although covered with blushes, Rose could not tell him that he was their cause.

As he was uttering a warm panegyric upon the character of his friend, Mr. Colville Barry, Rose moved aside at the sound of a familiar voice, and, turning round, saw Lady Margaret Forbes seated with another Lady upon a sopha: their eyes met, and Rose advanced to speak to her. Before she could do so, Lady Margaret started up, and, pushing rudely past, hurried into another room. A blush of shame and indignation

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dignation in the face of Miſs de Blaquiere made the Colonel whiſper—"Don't be ſurpriſed! Lady Margaret and her mother make it a point to *cut* every body that is ſeen with Mrs. Henry Fitzpatrick."

"Then how comes ſhe here?"

"O! becauſe the Dutcheſs of Connaught is not *every body*."

Roſe ſmiled, and, complaining of the heat, received an immediate invitation from the Lady on the ſopha, to take the place which Lady Margaret had left. Roſe curtſied and accepted the offer.

Colonel Ormond remained ſtanding near, while the Lady, beginning a ſpirited diſcourſe, ſoon diſplayed ſuch powers of inſtant faſcination, as equally ſurpriſed and delighted her companion. The ſtranger was in reality forty, but a blaze of beauty and diamonds about her majeſtically tall perſon, gave her an air

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of complete youth. Her eyes lightned as they looked; but then her smiles intoxicated; and, when she chose to charm, she displayed more than the witchery of a Circé.

The touching innocence and loveliness which graced the countenance of Rose seemed to strike this lady; she willed herself to please, and in ten minutes the cheeks of Rose glowed with animated pleasure.

In the midst of their conversation, Colonel Carysfort and his brother approached the sopha. "Where have you and Mrs. Fitzpatrick hid yourselves?" cried the former. "Cruel Miss de Blaquiere!" The smiles, the glitter, the colour of the beautiful stranger's features, instantly vanished: she shot her powerful eyes towards Rose, as if directing them to a serpent, then rising suddenly, curtsied and went away.

"You

"You have made a very creditable acquaintance, Miss de Blaquoted!" said Mr. Carysfort; "and, I suppose, are much pleased with her Ladyship."

"What do you mean? surely there can be no improper person in Connaught House?"

"Why, no; not exactly improper; but there are persons whom married Ladies may admit, and Misses must not notice: but a title has charms; and even a Poetess may have her weakness."

"And who is this Lady? Mr. Carysfort."

"Lady Roscommon." Carysfort whispered the name somewhat loudly, and went away. The reflexions into which this information threw Rose rendered her so dull and pale, that Col. Carysfort, after some unsuccessful efforts to make her look blooming, sauntered away, leaving her to the care of

Colonel Ormond, who poſſeſſed too much diſcernment to let his admiration of beauty and intelligence drop, whenever illneſs faded the one, or depreſſion clouded the other.

"Did *you* know Lady Roſcommon?" ſaid ſhe, looking rather reproachfully upon the attentive officer.

"No! upon my word I have often heard of her, but never ſaw her till this hour. She is certainly a very fine woman; and if Miſs de Blaquiere had not been near me, I ſhould have thought her a very dangerous one."

Roſe was too much occupied in thinking over all the ſad circumſtances, which the name of Lady Roſcommon recalled, either to hear or notice the gallant Colonel: at that moment Lady Bindon joined them.

"I declare Colonel," ſaid ſhe ſitting down beſide Miſs de Blaquiere—"things have

have come to ſuch a pitch of wickedneſs, that a decent woman can't venture into any place. Who would have thought that Lady Roſcommon could have been received in ſuch a correct houſe as this!"

"The reaſon is obvious," replied the officer, "it is reported that Lord Roſcommon is to ſucceed the preſent V—y; and ſince that is the caſe, you muſt not be ſurpriſed, if you find us all at his lady's feet."—

"I'm ſure *I* ſhall never viſit her:" exclaimed the angry baroneſs. "I would not have one of my daughters ſeen ſpeaking with ſuch a creature. I remember her very well, when ſhe was a girl of nineteen; ſhe was then ſtaying at Lady Dunallen's father's in Kerry.—There was a report at that time—added ſhe, lowering her voice—and many things made it ſeem very credible, that Lady Emily,

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Emily,—this woman I mean—had ſent a little baby out of the houſe in the night. However, the child was never heard of more: it was dropt ſomewhere I ſuppoſe, for I don't ſuſpect any body of murder. Whoſe it was, I ſhan't ſay; but there is good reaſon to believe—you know what I mean."

The baroneſs drew up with a ſignificant nod; the Colonel ſmiled; but Roſe as if palſied, ſat amazed and ſpeechleſs. —*She* knew no parents, ſhe had been dropt at the gate of the benevolent Mr. ONiel, and nothing but ſo inhuman a woman as Lady Roſcommon could have ſeared her heart againſt her innocent offspring. If this were indeed her mother, ſhe could not be ignorant that the child thus abandoned, had been protected and adopted; ſhe muſt know the name by which ſhe was called, and this dark ſuſpicion, accounted for the ſudden emotion

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emotion and departure of the before gay Lady Roſcommon. "And is there a poſſibility that I am daughter to this depraved woman? ſhe ſaid to herſelf, O! dreadful puniſhment of my ungrateful regrets for never having ſeen my parents."

A ſudden dimneſs covered her eyes, ſhe caught hold of the ſide of the ſopha, from which ſhe felt ſinking, and tried to ſpeak: but Colonel Ormond perceiving her ſituation, ſprang forward and caught her.—"The heat!" ſhe gaſped out, and taking ſome *eau-de-luce* which Lady Bindon offered, endeavoured by ſmelling at it, to preſerve herſelf from entirely fainting.

Colonel Ormond ſeeing alarming illneſs in the fluctuating complexion of his beautiful charge, left her under the care of the baroneſs, and went to find Mrs. Fitzpatrick. In a few minutes he re-

 turned

turned with her; she had been forced down to quadrille, but upon seeing Rose, she sent back an apology to the card-room, and then hurried her friend away.

As Colonel Ormond was leading them through the hall, they passed Lady Roscommon and the Earl: Rose shuddered as she looked on the Countess, but felt a mixed emotion of pity and indignation, when she saw, for the first time, the father of Charlemont.—His noble and fine countenance, his air, his voice, his smile, were delightful; but what was his heart? how changed from its native purity since it had loved a virtuous woman, now it could idolize a guilty one.

Overcome by these ideas, Rose threw herself into Mrs. Fitzpatrick's carriage, to weep and ruminate. Colonel Ormond fancied she was nervous, and

Flora

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Flora gueſſed from the ſight of Lord Roſcommon, that he had occaſioned painful recollections which it was now her duty to lull. She then appeared to attribute her friend's ſickneſs to the heat, and benevolently drawing off the Colonel's attention towards herſelf, gave Roſe an opportunity of recovering compoſure.

When the carriage ſtopped in Merrion Square, the truly polite officer, ſaw them into the houſe, and then took his leave, requeſting permiſſion, to call in the morning to inquire after Miſs de Blaquiere: Mrs. Fitzpatrick readily granted it, and led Roſe into the ſupper room.

"Angels and miniſters!" exclaimed the gay Flora, "ſtarting back, as ſhe ſaw her huſband ſeated quietly by the fire, with his head on his hand.—But come

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come Harry! minister to Rose directly, and give her a glass of wine."

Fitzpatrick rising, obeyed the mandate, and as he presented the wine to Rose, expressed himself surprised at their short absence.

"And have you been at home all this time sir?" asked his wife, "pushing away the hand he held out to her—go, you ugly-hearted thing!—so! you prefer sitting by that fire, and hearing it crackle, to going out with me, and seeing my eyes tell you every five minutes, that I love you better than any thing in the world!"

Fitzpatrick caught her suddenly in his arms—his heart was full of something which he dreaded to tell her, and it seemed trembling on his lips; his wife in some confusion, blushed and broke from him.

"Get

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"Get away!" ſaid ſhe, ſitting down by Roſe, "I'm very angry with you—you refuſed to go with me to Connaught Houſe, and ſaid that buſineſs would call you another way; and yet, here I find you, on my return, moping like a diſappointed owl. I know you never before were fond of cornering and head-dangling, like many romantic youths, and ſo I am certain, that you have taken a violent averſion to me."

"Captain Fitzpatrick ſeems very like that indeed;" cried Roſe—"look at his eyes." "I won't ſee him any more—ſo be quiet Roſe."

"Well to confeſs the truth," ſaid her huſband coming up to her tenderly, "I was dull and low-ſpirited, and could not have gone into a rout, if to have done ſo, would have ſaved the lives of all my clan."

"And what made you low-ſpirited?"—

"O!—

"O!—what makes other people dull: a head-ache—vapours!"

"That will not do Harry;" said Mrs. Fitzpatrick turning pale, "something diſtreſſes you: you have not been as chearful as uſual, theſe two days. I ſuſpected it, when you gave us thoſe lockets. Anſwer me ſincerely; does not ſomething make you unhappy?"

Fitzpatrick looked down; then ſmiling, but with difficulty, addreſſed Roſe. —"Come," cried he, "let us eat our ſupper; I am too hungry, to argue with this obſtinate girl: if ſhe will have it, that I can be unhappy, whilſt I am *her* huſband, it muſt be ſo."—

"Nay Harry," ſaid his wife, "affectionately throwing her arms round his neck, while her eyes filled with tears,—I am not to be deceived; you *are* unhappy, and I muſt know the cauſe." Fitzpatrick with great agitation kiſſed her

her cheek.—"Not to night then, my beloved! not to night:—to-morrow will be ſoon enough to cloud thoſe dear eyes, whoſe brightneſs is ſo precious to me."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick became ſtill paler; ſhe was ſilent for a moment, as if imagining what could be their misfortune; then looking ſteadily upon him, ſhe ſaid, "you are going to Holland?"—Fitzpatrick, overcome by her manner; with a thrill of joy at being ſo loved; of pain, at being ſo regretted; haſtily buried his face in his handkerchief: Roſe ſtarted up; and Flora without ſpeaking, dropt upon the floor.—

When Mrs. Fitzpatrick was brought to herſelf, a ſcene of anguiſh followed, which it would be too ſad to dwell on: half the night was conſumed in tears; and though Roſe uſed every argument which reaſon, religion, and ſympathy could

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could ſuggeſt; though Fitzpatrick on his knees beſought her to ſpare his agitated heart; though he promiſed to guard carefully, that life which was ſo dear to her, yet it was not till morning, that the unhappy Flora could be prevailed upon to retire to bed, and to reſign her happineſs and her huſband into the protecting arms of Providence.

At an early hour the next day, Roſe ſaw Colonel Ormond, who came to inquire after her health. To him ſhe related the event of the preceding evening, and learned from him, that Fitzpatrick's regiment had received intimations ſome time back, that its ſervices would be required abroad.—Ormond had but juſt heard, that orders were now arrived for its immediate embarkation. He added, that while the matter was doubtful, Captain Fitzpatrick had begged his friends to conceal it from his wife: "for my

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my own part," ſaid Ormond, "I fear nothing ſhort of a miracle will prevent the embarkation; and I have only to lament that I, who am a ſingle, and therefore a worthleſs member of ſociety, do not ſtand in Captain Fitzpatrick's place."

Roſe penetrated with grief for her friend, poſſeſſed little power for further converſation, and Colonel Ormond underſtanding her feelings, and admiring, while he perceived them, ſacrificed his own pleaſure to hers, by taking leave.

Miſs de Blaquiere did not officiouſly intrude into the dreſſing room of Mrs. Fitzpatrick who had breakfaſted there, alone with her huſband; but remained below, from whence ſhe diſpatched a note to Mrs. Bellingham, and then involuntarily ſunk into mournful reveries. —Both Flora and Fitzpatrick had become more eſtimable, as they had grown more unhappy: indeed it is mercifully ordered

ordered that the property of ſorrow ſhould be to endear; and Roſe, alive to all the beſt affections of nature, loſt the remembrance of every ſelfiſh party, in trying to ſoften the parting ones of two people whom ſhe truly loved.

Every thing was forgotten, every thing was effaced, during the two days which intervened between the laſt melancholy night, and the evening upon which the xxth regiment ſet ſail. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, wretched in countenance, neglected in dreſs, preſented a very dreadful contraſt to the charming woman that had ſo lately ſparkled amongſt the giddy crowd. Impaſſioned in her feelings, ſhe did not ſuffer her diſtreſſed huſband to quit her for an inſtant, but ſpent the heavy hours with him and her mother, in vain endeavours to make him renounce his commiſſion.—Fitzpatrick on this ſubject only, was immoveable.

Flora

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Flora in the insanity of her sorrow, would have had him sacrifice every thing to give her back the happiness she had lost; but had he yielded to her tears, she would have blushed afterwards at his weakness, and her own selfishness.

Shut up in a remote apartment, she saw no one but Rose, whose gentle voice and pitying eyes, consoled that affliction which they were too tender to upbraid; but who, by the silent persuasion of affecting fortitude, of graceful self-command, stimulated her friend at last, to exertion and resignation.

On the evening of Fitzpatrick's departure, he returned with Lord Glenroy, from the cottage, where he had been saying farewell to his mother. The collected dignity of Lord Glenroy was always awful; his presence now, somewhat repressed the violent expressions of

anguish, which Mrs. Fitzpatrick would otherwise have given way to.

As Fitzpatrick took his wife in his arms, and commended her to the protection of heaven, he was wholly overcome: every thing that he owed to the love, to the generosity, to the attaching ingenuousness of this interesting creature, crowded upon his memory: a thousand, and a thousand times, he fastened his trembling lips upon her cheek, her forehead, her hands, and had not courage to tear himself from her. A dreadful presentiment came over him!

The voice of Lord Glenroy aroused his friend; he broke from the grasp of Flora, and rushed out of the room. She ran immediately into the study which opened from it, and closing the door, delivered herself up to all the cries, the prayers, the tortures of despair.

Rose

Roſe pale and tearleſs, haſtily followed Fitzpatrick—"and will you not ſay farewell to *me?*"—Fitzpatrick who was croſſing the hall, turned round—his face was wet with tears.—He took her in his arms—"Pardon me Roſe, I did not forget you, but Flora has diſordered my ſenſes. God bleſs you—God bleſs you, (preſſing her affectionately to his breaſt;) to *you*, I commit the deareſt creature upon earth:—in your tenderneſs I truſt ſhe will find ſupport.—Indeed, indeed Roſe, at this moment I am the moſt miſerable of men."—

With theſe words, Fitzpatrick turned from her, and Roſe, as ſhe heard the door ſhut after him, burſt, for the firſt time, into tears: ſhe then haſtened to her friend, to adminiſter that conſolation which ſhe ſcarcely knew how to offer.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE next day Mrs. Bellingham carried her daughter to Liſburn Hall, a ſeat of hers, about fifteen miles from Dublin; and which, being a modern building, ſurrounded with fine parks, was more chearful than Denny Caſtle, an old manſion, which had been the uſual reſidence of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's late aunt. Here, during the firſt week of her ſtay, Mr. George Bellingham coldly came to ſee his ſiſter: he paid his viſit with much compoſure, called her a ſimpleton, calculated that not one ball in twenty took effect, and then rode off, wiſhing that very ball might lodge itſelf in the heart of the preſumptuous Fitzpatrick.—

The

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The attentions of his amiable mother, were however an ample equivalent for his inhumanity; her mild reaſonings and fond intreaties, gradually weighed with Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who ſoon exerted herſelf to recompence her parent by chearful ſubmiſſion.

Roſe occupied with her friend, found no time for herſelf; ſometimes indeed, the recollection of Lady Roſcommon would paſs like ice through her heart; and ſometimes a mournful preſage, that Charlemont and ſhe, had indeed parted, to meet no more in this world, ſuffuſed her eyes with bitter tears: ſhe had once loved him too well, ever to forget him. Separated from his perſon, ſhe now fixed her troubled thoughts upon his ſoul, and though ſhe was ſincere in wiſhing never to be more to him, than ſhe then was, yet ſhe trembled at the idea of his death, and ſent up no prayer to heaven, un-

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mingled with ſupplication for his repentance.—In writing and receiving letters from Caſtle-Connel, ſhe found much of her comfort: and though ſhe did not ſee Madame de Villemar, ſhe heard from Lord Glenroy that ſhe was well, and that he ſhared with her, in conſoling the dowager Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

It was now near a fortnight ſince the departure of Captain Fitzpatrick, and Roſe walking with Mrs. Bellingham and her daughter, was fondly picturing the joy of meeting, when a ſervant croſſed the lawn, to tell them, that Colonel Ormond and Mr. Barry were in the parlour.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick requeſted Roſe to go to them, and ſhe would ſhortly follow: Roſe willingly obeyed.—Colonel Ormond welcomed her entrance into the parlour, with a very animated compliment; Mr. Barry bowed in ſilence, but

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but his eyes ſpoke; and the Colonel, who was more intereſted about Miſs de Blaquiere than he had acknowledged even to himſelf, did not much like their expreſſion.

The laſt time Colville Barry had ſeen Roſe, ſhe was in all the richneſs of dreſs, and bloom of colouring; her brightneſs of look had dazzled, her keenneſs of diſcourſe had alarmed him: he ſaw her now, in a little muſlin cap, a ſimple white gown without ornament, and all the ſplendors of her eyes and complexion touchingly ſubdued. She awakened in him, one pure unmixed perception of perfect innocence; that innocence which is incapable of injuring, and which goes ſo directly to the heart. The ſentiment ſhe excited, ſhone in his countenance: it ſeemed to invite Roſe to eſteem him, and from that moment her prejudice

againſt him, and her terror at his ſcrutiny, entirely diſappeared.

"This is a very beautiful place, Miſs de Blaquiere;" ſaid Colonel Ormond, after the cuſtomary compliments.—"I truſt its quiet will tranquillize your friend, and enable her to return to us. While Mrs. Fitzpatrick can draw Miſs de Blaquiere after her, we muſt all be intereſted in her retreat."

Roſe only noticed the compliment by the glow upon her cheeks: ſhe replied —"I would rather take my friend with me to Killarney; but that would be ſelfiſh."

"And can you be ſo inſenſible to the charms of Dublin?" aſked Mr. Barry, while his eyes, fixed ſmilingly upon her, encouraged her by their ſweetneſs.—"You would not doubt it, if you had once been at Killarney," anſwered Roſe. "Nothing ever was ſo beautiful as its lakes

lakes and its hills; and then I have dear friends there, who love me, and whom I love with my whole heart: and here I know nobody.—Except Mrs. Fitzpatrick and her husband's family, I have not a friend in Dublin:—what then is to render it so charming?"—

"You have frequent opportunities there, of shewing your lively talents;" answered Mr. Barry, with an apprehensive air, as if he feared to hurt her, yet longed wholly to develope her character—"surrounded by amiable friends in the country, you could find no fool to expose, no wit, with whom to contest the prize of satire."—Rose felt her face and neck glow with honest resentment—"If you judge my character," said she, "from a few accidental errors, you have been unjust. I was betrayed into ill-humour perhaps, by the undeserved, unceasing cruelty of one gentleman; and by the illiberal folly of another:

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but I defpiſed myſelf heartily after I had done it; and am now ſufficiently puniſhed by having made a man whoſe eſteem I was taught to conſider of importance, look upon me, as a vain prating coquet.—When you know me better, Mr. Barry, you will find me guiltleſs in this point."

The ingenuous ſmile which had followed the chilling air, with which ſhe commenced this ſpeech, was concluſive with Barry; his countenance brightened:—" I *have* been unjuſt—pardon me!"—his hand was half held out; Roſe frankly gave him hers; their ſouls ſeemed diſtinctly to ſee each other, and no prudery ſullied the beautiful benevolence of their language.

Colonel Ormond who witneſſed this, with uneaſy ſenſations, attempted to ſay ſomething, and Mr. Barry recovering himſelf from the enthuſiaſm into which he had been hurried, ſaid—" You muſt impute

impute my freedom, Miſs de Blaquiere to your own goodneſs: you penetrated my thoughts ſo well, that it threw me off my guard, and made me forget that I had not ſeen you above three times."

The ſpeaking looks of Roſe, ſuperſeded the neceſſity of an anſwer; and Colonel Ormond, who had ſentiment enough, to acknowledge the charms of beauty and reaſon, which now, for the firſt time in his life, he had ſeen eminently united, gazed at her without ſpeaking; yet his heart had, never before, been filled with ſo much admiration.

Some drawings lying upon a table, attracted Barry; he was no draughtſman himſelf, but the elements of taſte, which are ſurely quick perceptions of ſymmetry, ſimplicity and truth, were all to be found in his fine mind. He warmly praiſed the ſketches: they evin-

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ced genius.—Roſe bluſhing at his praiſes told him that after ſuch unlimited eulogiums, ſhe was almoſt afraid of claiming them, by acknowledging herſelf the artiſt. Here the gallant Colonel found an opportunity for rapture; he caſt Barry's plain, but energetic "*indeed!*" perfectly into the back-ground, and ſtrove very unſucceſsfully, by warm panegyric, to make himſelf the principal object of Miſs de Blaquiere's attention.

At that moment Mrs. Fitzpatrick entered the parlour. "Here is a letter from Harry!" ſhe exclaimed, overlooking Ormond and his companion:—"he is well—he is ſafe my dear Roſe!"—The apology which Mrs. Bellingham made for her daughter's tranſport, recalled her ſenſes; ſhe roſe from the arms of her friend, (into which ſhe had thrown herſelf,) and welcoming the gentlemen to

Liſburn,

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Liſburn, rang for refreſhments, and put Fitzpatrick's letter into the hand of Roſe. It was dated May the 12th (a week back) and contained only theſe words.—

"I ſnatch the opportunity of a veſſel going back to Dublin, to tell you, my deareſt Flora, that we are on the point of landing. Every thing wears a proſperous aſpect; perhaps we ſhall have no ſhare in any engagement, and then I ſhall be forced to return to you, without a ſingle ſprig of laurel for Roſe to write an ode upon. Remember me to her, very affectionately: in a little time, I ſhall ſee poor Charlemont. O! my deareſt wife, what but duty could reconcile me to leaving you!—what but the certainty that the ſame benevolent deity watches over us both, could ever have ſupported me, through the weary days and nights, which I have ſpent ſo far from

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from you? Ah! the waves that are now waſhing the ſide of our veſſel, will ſoon beat upon the Iriſh coaſt!—that beloved coaſt; where you, where my mother, where my friends are all thinking upon me.

"Farewell—be aſſured I am in good health, and tolerable ſpirits:—comfort yourſelf, my deareſt! we ſhall all meet ſoon, and happily again. I have not time to write to my mother, but I beſeech you to tell her, that ſhe is always in my thoughts.

"God bleſs you, my Flora! my heart is full of you.

"Ever your devoted huſband,

"HENRY FITZPATRICK."

The blots made upon the paper, by ſome irrepreſſible tears from the agitated writer, were yet wet with thoſe of his wife: Roſe remained at the window to which

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which she had carried the letter, long after she had read it, alternately thinking of him, and Charlemont, whose name had conjured up a thousand piercing pangs, which she had vainly hoped were laid asleep for ever. When she turned towards the company, her countenance bore evident traces of emotion; Mrs. Fitzpatrick's was illuminated by happiness: she had heard from her dear Harry, and her ardent nature seized upon the hope which he held out, of the war terminating, without his service having been once required.—The delight which this idea imparted to her late melancholy heart, charmed her mother, and friend; they caught at the transient gleam, and as the gentlemen were prevailed upon to stay dinner, the remainder of the day passed off with unwonted chearfulness.

In

In the calm, confiding air, which was that day worn by Colville Barry, Roſe looked in vain for the freezing, ſelf-centered manner, with which he armed himſelf when in Dublin. After dinner the little party rambled through the park, and the ſuperior mind of Barry giving the tone to the Colonel, produced a converſation that drew out all the obſervation and thinking of Miſs de Blaquiere. She liſtened to him, with almoſt awful admiration: and while ſhe looked on his inſpired eyes, and liſtened to his flow, but profound inveſtigations, ſhe was ignorant that her own looks, her own remarks were rooting in the memory of Barry, and elevating her, in his eſtimation, far beyond the reſt of her ſex.

When they returned from their walk, and had taken tea, Colonel Ormond requeſted leave to lead Miſs de Blaquiere to the

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the piano-forte; as her heart never admitted a thought of her accompliſhments but as they contributed to the gratification of others, ſhe immediately complied. Leſs embarraſſed than formerly, ſhe was more competent to give pleaſure: her rich voice ſpread its ſweets on every ſide, and Barry, banqueting on the ſounds, almoſt ſighed over their perfection.

"You are in great danger of being ſpoil'd;" ſaid he, as ſhe concluded—"you do too many things, too well.—Every body will praiſe you, till perhaps they may perſuade you that you can do nothing ill;—and that is falſe."

"And what do I do ill?" aſked Roſe, with an inſtantaneous gaiety, which his ſingular but charming gravity, had cauſed.

"A great many things I have no doubt: I ſhall diſcover them in time, and when I do,

do, if you will give me leave, I will tell you of them."—

The ſound of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's rapid finger upon the inſtrument, prevented a reply: ſhe played not merely with taſte, but feeling, and could delight the nicer ſenſibility of Barry, as well as the ſcientific experience of the muſical Colonel Ormond. When the latter had repaid this treat with a ſong, in which he accompanied himſelf, his horſes were announced, and he and his friend taking a cordial farewell of the ladies, galloped off towards Dublin.

After the arrival of Captain Fitzpatrick's conſoling letter, Mrs. Bellingham perſuaded her daughter to return to town; and there enter, if not into her former gaiety, at leaſt into her former chearfulneſs. The reaſons which this affectionate mother urged, againſt the mingled weakneſs and impiety, of yielding

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yielding to grief, conquered her daughter; orders were given for their travelling carriages to be ready the next morning, at which period the family bade a temporary adieu to Liſburn Hall.

They had but juſt arrived in Merrion Square, when Miſs OBrien, with a face ſhining through pleaſure, like a harveſt moon, entered the ſitting parlour: having ſeen the carriages paſs the Hotel, ſhe had eagerly flown, to ſhew Mrs. Fitzpatrick the newſpapers, and to comfort her, with the ſucceſs of our army.

The ſame veſſel which conveyed Fitzpatrick's letter, had brought official intelligence of the taking of Landrecy. Though this victory had happened before Fitzpatrick had arrived to ſhare in it, yet Miſs Prudy ſagaciouſly imagined that whatever promiſed a ſpeedy termination to the war (and ſucceſs certainly did,)

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did,) would be a cordial to the friends of the ſoldiery.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick ran over the paper with ſhuddering gratitude, and actually believing, becauſe ſhe hoped, that all would end well, gave Miſs OBrien a warm embrace: when ſhe laid the paper upon the table, Roſe ſnatched it up.—The firſt emotion ſhe felt, on reading the liſt of the killed, was joy that Charlemont's name was not amongſt them; the next, was pity for the unhappy people then mourning over the loſs of objects perhaps more defervedly beloved: but again complete thankfulneſs took poſſeſſion of her ſoul; and though the preſence of Flora and Miſs OBrien prevented her from falling upon her knees, yet her heart bowed, before the merciful Providence that yet ſpared her guilty Charlemont.

The

The appearance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's ſervants about Dublin produced a multitude of perſonal and card inquiries after her health. She was not ſufficiently at eaſe to ſee mere acquaintance, and only admitted Lord Glenroy in the evening. He came in all the fullneſs of joy: his father had been two days in town, and having ſeen Madame de Villemar, had given his conſent to their union. The Earl had always wiſhed Glenroy to marry early in life, as he had too much family-pride to bear the idea of the name becoming extinct; and too much regard for his ſon's principles, to approve the dangerous ſituation of a handſome ſingle man, in an age of licentiouſneſs. Fortune never having been a primary object with the Earl, he had felt a ſecondary pleaſure only, when Miſs Bellingham's eſtates were likely to be united to thoſe of the Dunallans; and when

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when that hope was extinguished, which set his son again at liberty, his first desire still existed, that he would attach himself to some well-born, well-educated young woman.

The rank of Madame de Villemar was great; her character and conduct were alike admirable, and Lord Dunallan, charmed by her manners, sanctioned his son's attachment with his full approbation.

This account which Glenroy gave to Rose and Mrs. Fitzpatrick with much animation, could not fail to please his auditors; Rose loved Lord Glenroy and Gabrielle, but her heart was heavy with many griefs; she found that the deeply-interesting situation of Charlemont was fatal to her repose and resolution, since it continually placed her thoughts upon his death, from whence she turned them with

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with difficulty, to a recollection of his hypocriſy.

Saddened by anxieties reſpecting him, ſhe ſhuddered at detecting ſomething within herſelf, almoſt amounting to anger againſt his friend, for being ſo happy; and often when his eyes were ſhining with pleaſure, hers, filled with tears, and caſt upon the ground, ſeemed to utter this expreſſion—"and can he love Charlemont?"——

Roſe with the extravagance natural to ſtrong ſenſibility, thought that every one that did not tremble for Charlemont as ſhe did, was unfeeling; ſhe judged erroneouſly of Glenroy: ignorant that the name of his friend never paſſed his lips, in compaſſion to her, yet that he regarded him tenderly, and devoted many otherwiſe—happy hours, to reſtleſs fears for his ſafety. A few haſty lines which had been written by Charlemont

mont on his landing in Holland had been received by Lord Glenroy; theſe were immediately anſwered, but had not been followed by a reply.

The enſuing day was ſpent at the cottage. The Dutcheſs, ſufficiently recovered to take ſlow rambles round the garden, ſeemed, as ſhe leaned upon the arm of Roſe, to have acquired new life from her daughter's proſpects; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with inextinguiſhable vivacity, was rendered perfectly happy by her ſon's letter. Roſe learned from Madame De Villemar that Lord Dunallan, though unable to conquer his wife's friendſhip with Lady Roſcommon, had acted ſo determined a part concerning Gabrielle's admiſſion into his family, that the Counteſs and Lady Margaret had been to make a ceremonious call at the cottage, and had even condeſcended

to

to mutter ſomething about happineſs in the connection.

The marriage, at which Roſe conſented to be preſent, was to take place in leſs than a week; after which Lord Glenroy and his bride were to ſet off for a retired ſeat belonging to Lord Dunallan, in Scotland.

During the interval which elapſed between this expected period, and Miſs de Blaquiere's return to Dublin, rational pleaſure ſucceeded in the houſe of Mrs. Henry Fitzpatrick to its former merriment. No parties were given, no parties were ſought; but books, muſic, and friends beguiled the heavy hours of ſeparation.

Rendered infinitely more cheerful by this arrangement, Roſe conſented to prolong her viſit for at leaſt two months; and, animated by the affectionate letters of her dear protectors at Caſtle-Connel,

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ſtrove aſſiduouſly to baniſh from her mind the torturing fears which haunted her for the ſafety of that man, whom ſhe believed it virtuous to deſpiſe.

Sometimes, in their evening walks, ſhe encountered Lady Roſcommon and Lady Dunallan: both theſe ladies avoided her in ſilence; the former turning pale, and the latter averting her eyes with ſtern diſlike. The remembrance of Lady Bindon's ſtory, which the appearance of Lady Roſcommon conjured up, tormented her for ſome time; but gradually the ſuſpicion vaniſhed, as nothing aroſe to give it confirmation; and as reaſon whiſpered her how little dependence ought to be placed upon a mere ſurmiſe, and how unlikely, if the circumſtance were true, that *ſhe* ſhould have been the unfortunate infant. Such incidents occurred daily; and it was therefore much more probable that ſhe was the

the fruit of ſome illicit connection in humbler life, than the offspring of an earl's daughter, who would ſurely have found means ſufficient for ſupporting the child to which ſhe had given birth.

While reflection and quiet gradually reſtored to Roſe the health and ſpirits of which ſorrow had robbed her, Colonel Ormond was daily becoming more attached, Lord Bindon more faſcinated: the latter felt his paſſion increaſe as her beauty heightened; while the former, by degrees, almoſt forgot her perſon in looking ſteadily upon her mind. It was not in balls and aſſemblies that Roſe de Blaquiere was to be known; her ſenſibilities and virtues opened only in the ſhade: thoſe who ſtudied her character moſt, loved it beſt; and Colonel Ormond, who had reached the age of one and thirty, without ever having had a warmer ſentiment for any woman, than

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the powerleſs blaze of admiration, now found himſelf abſorbed in a paſſion, as new as it was ardent, and to which a baſhful girl had given riſe.

His friend Colville Barry, with elaborate and anxious obſervation, watched every ſentence which dropped from the unguarded lips of Roſe; every expreſſion which ſhone in her eyes; every action which her frank heart dictated: he ſaw her, not perfect indeed, for who is ſo! but he found her pure, unſophiſticated, unprejudiced, affectionate, energetic, and gentle. He followed her graceful figure with animated pleaſure; he met her ingenuous ſmiles with warm eſteem; and when he looked upon her fervent, yet docile mind, the livelieſt and tendereſt intereſt for her ſprung up in his ſoul. But Colville Barry was not in love: he poſſeſſed one of thoſe rare hearts which quickly perceive and truly appre-

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appreciate the value of female excellence, without being alloyed by the wish of appropriating it to themselves.

In his society, and that of the respectful Colonel Ormond, Mrs. Henry Fitzpatrick and Miss de Blaquiere spent much of their time: now and then, Miss OBrien joined their home parties, or Lord Glenroy, stealing Gabrielle from the cottage, would bring her, glowing with joy and health, into their little circle.

About the end of May, Rose saw these two dear friends plight their eternal vows at the altar. The Dutchess de Roussillon, who was herself a protestant, witnessed the ceremony; and Lord Dunallan gave them his blessing in his own house, where he had commanded the Countess and Lady Margaret to receive them. After taking some formal salutations from these ladies, and being

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moiſtened by the tears of Roſe, Lord Glenroy ſet off with his wife, and her mother, for the ſeat of his father in Argyleſhire. The dowager Mrs. Fitzpatrick returned immediately to Killarney, bearing with her many tender meſſages from Roſe, whoſe heart ached after her dear home, and whoſe nightly dreams always preſented to her the beloved inhabitants within its walls.

Eight days had now elapſed ſince any account from the continent had reached Ireland; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, haraſſing herſelf with daily expectation, at length ſunk into her former deſpondence. Roſe, almoſt as ſoul-ſick as ſhe, yet contrived to appear at eaſe, and deſirous to baniſh ſorrow from her friend, not ſolicitous about her own comfort, ſtrove to draw Mrs. Fitzpatrick more into company: at laſt, ſhe ſucceeded, by perſuading her to accept an invitation

for

for a maſked ball, given by the Dutcheſs of Connaught.

While the ſubject was yet in debate, between Mrs. Bellingham and her daughter, Roſe went into the parlour, (on hearing that the Carysforts were in it) to bring away ſome papers, which ſhe had thoughtleſsly left upon one of the tables. She found Mr. Carysfort, (who had not been idle in ſeizing what he called fair game) holding a ſheet of paper in his hand, on which were written ſome careleſs lines of her compoſing.

"I have detected you in the fact," cried the unworthy teacher of the moſt glorious religion, (holding the paper behind his back with one hand, whilſt with the other he ceremoniouſly offered her a chair.) "What enormous *Fables* you have uttered! O, Miſs de Blaquiere, what a delectable melange of love-

verſes, and epics, and ſonnets, have I been reading!"

"As I never deſired you to read them, Sir;" ſaid ſhe, with a ſevere aſpect, "I feel no confuſion in perceiving your contempt: that you have waſted your time by peruſing nonſenſe, is a puniſhment for your rudeneſs in having taken ſuch a liberty. Colonel!" added ſhe, turning to his brother, who ſtood bowing and ſhowing his teeth, "I never doubted Mr. Carysfort's inclination to do *any* uncivil thing; but I confeſs myſelf ſurpriſed that *you* ſhould have permitted him."

The Colonel reddened; and, drawing his killingly-ſcented handkerchief over his face, ſaid, "I proteſt—I declare—upon my ſoul I did all I could—but ſcourge me if he did not perſuade me that poetry was privileged ground; and when he began to read one of the little

little ſonnets, ſcourge me if it was not too famous not to be liſtened to. By Gad! Miſs de Blaquiere, you muſt be famouſly clever to get ſo many rhymes." Roſe, with ſome reſentment, turned again to Mr. Carysfort.

"I do not aſk you to make any apology, Sir, for this unjuſtifiable act; I am ſure you could not have the hardineſs to attempt one: but I inſiſt upon your giving me that paper, which I ſee you ſtill retain."

Mr. Carysfort, with a ſatirical ſmile, exclaimed—"Now! how can you be ſo cruel? Would you deprive me of the rapture of finiſhing this delightful production? It is all ghoſts, and caſtles, and groans; and that is ſo much the rage, that I am ſure I ſhall find in it all the ſpirit of Ann Radcliffe diſtilled into twenty verſes. Why do you frown ſo? —if ladies *will* leave their port-folios

upon a table in a sitting-room, and open into the bargain, any man is privileged to look over its contents. I swear to you, that I thought it was a modest invitation, and should have considered myself the most ungallant fellow in the world, if I had failed to understand it.—But, tell me, is there no little smart lampoon upon me there?"

Rose turned hastily round; and the contemptuous flash of her eye brought the blood into Carysfort's cheek: a servant at the instant announced Mr. Barry. As he bowed to the party, his regards rested on the vexed countenance of Rose. —"Something has displeased you; has it not?" said he, with that familiar but respectful interest, which he acknowledged but few, and expressed the moment he felt it.

"Yes. I assure you, I am perfectly out of humour: Mr. Carysfort has uncivilly

civilly read these papers of mine, which I had left open upon the table: he still holds some of them, in defiance of my anger."

"If I could be convinced that Miss de Blaquiere *was* angry," returned Carysfort, addressing himself to Barry, whose awful looks were fixed upon him, "I would certainly present the verses on my knees: but how am I to believe that a young lady, who can write poetry so exquisitely, can be displeased at having it admired."

The sneering laugh which concluded this sentence alarmed Rose, for she saw Barry's face flush with unusual colour; he started suddenly from the seat he had taken, as if transported out of himself, and was just going to speak, when instantly recovering that self-command which it was his principle never to lose, he only bit his lip, and stood severely

ſilent. Roſe haſtened to ſpeak.—"Come," ſaid ſhe, "I forgive your miſtake, Mr. Carysfort, and confeſs myſelf to blame, in being ſo negligent. And now, I am ſure, you will give me back the paper."

"Stay!" interrupted Barry, with a firm tone, "I ſhould be ſorry to ſee you countenance impropriety, by this haſty compromiſe. Mr. Carysfort *muſt* know, that every thing which belongs to another is ſacred. Had he found theſe papers in a wilderneſs, ſeeing your name upon them, he ſhould not have read further." A pang of ſelf-reproach, while recollecting the letter of Louiſa, ſhot through the heart of Roſe; ſhe caſt down her eyes in confuſion. Barry went on. "I inſiſt, Mr. Carysfort, upon your making a full apology to Miſs de Blaquiere."

"I ſtand

"I ſtand, no chance, between two *literary* foes;" ſaid Carysfort, with a ſecond ſneer. "To fall from the hands of Miſs de Blaquiere, into thoſe of Mr. Colville Barry, is too much for a poor common-ſenſe ſort of a man like me. Here, Madam! ſince you *will* make me relinquiſh this mental treat, take it, and accept my humbleſt apology for having committed ſo diſhonourable an act."

Barry, whoſe well-regulated mind could only be rouſed to warmth, by an inſult directed to another, ſmiled with lofty diſdain at the implied attack upon himſelf: he ſtooped to lift up a piece of paper which dropt from the handful that Carysfort reſtored to Miſs de Blaquiere; and, half-preſenting, half-withholding it, ſaid—"Perhaps you will ſuſpect me of intereſted motives when I enliſted on your ſide, if I aſk to look at what I now hold? I find you write poetry,

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try, and I have never seen any of it; may I read this? Deny the request if you do not like it."

Rose esteemed Barry too much to refuse him. He had taught her, that to be ashamed of showing honestly the limits of any talent she possessed, was to give way to a species of vanity which sullied character, and made it unjustly withhold its quota of pleasure from mankind. She stammered out something like acquiescence, and he retired to a window to read his prize.

Lines, in a Forest.

These rippling waters, as they run
Thro' steepy banks and bowery trees,
Catch glimpses of the glorious sun,
And kiss, by turns, the hov'ring breeze:

This lonely flower, that sadly blows
The thick wood's tangled depths among,
Receives the breathings of the rose,
By powerful gales impell'd along:

You

Yon echo, that ſequeſter'd dwells
In darkeſt ſolitudes around,
Hears ſometimes, from their dreary cells,
The ſtrain of melody reſound:

So, o'er my path of life, Joy gleams,
And Hope's delicious perfumes rove,
And oft my trembling boſom ſeems
To vibrate with the voice of Love.

After Barry had read theſe ſtanzas a ſecond time, he advanced and gave them to Roſe: a friendly ſmile ſat on his lips. "I aſſure you," ſaid he, "that theſe lines convince me you may hereafter do a great deal better; and therefore I adviſe you, in defiance of Mr. Carysfort's overwhelming praiſes, to continue your efforts."

Roſe knew that Colville Barry never violated truth in any inſtance: greatly ſuperior to the weak cuſtoms of ſociety, he never praiſed what he did not admire, never cenſured what he did not condemn:

demn: but the natural tenderneſs of his heart made him fly from occaſions of doing the one, to ſeek eagerly opportudities for evincing the other. This part of his character Roſe ſpeedily learned; and had penetration enough to perceive that whenever Colville Barry was ſilent, it was becauſe he could not ſay a pleaſing thing, and would not utter a painful one. While ſhe was very ſincerely thanking him for his candid opinion, Mrs. Fitzpatrick entered.

Though Mr. Carysfort ridiculed in all parties the premature Epheſian matron, as he ſtiled Mrs. Fitzpatrick, yet he had now decency enough to be ſomewhat awed by her changed and dejected countenance. His brother fired off a volley of conſolation in a moment.

"Why, Mrs. Fitzpatrick," cried he, cordially ſhaking her by the hand, "we have had famous news, haven't we? That's

That's a capital ſtroke, the taking of Landrecy. O! we ſhall beat theſe Sans-Culottes, depend on't. If they have a foot of ground in the Netherlands, or any place elſe, by this day ſix weeks, ſcourge me! that's all. The next thing we ſhall hear of will be, that Liſle has dropt into our mouths. The tree only wants a good ſhaking, my dear madam, and towns will drop off it by dozens."

"But have no freſh accounts arrived yet?" aſked Mrs. Fitzpatrick, ſcarcely hearing the Colonel's very novel metaphor. "Surely ſomething muſt be known about the preſent ſtate of our army?"

I don't think that any mails have come," anſwered he, ſtammering, becauſe he knew not how to explain it. "No letters have been received—I don't indeed—I—but ſcourge me, I ſuppoſe we ſhall hear ſoon."

"The

"The wind has blown ſtrongly on the Dutch coaſt," ſaid Mr. Barry, benevolently eager to relieve the anxiety that he witneſſed; of courſe then, no accounts could arrive. I believe the wind is now changed, and we may therefore expect news every day."

Colonel Carysfort ſhifted the converſation, by lamenting his obligation to return to England in the next week. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with a deep ſigh, which was unconſciouſly echoed by Roſe, took up ſome work, and the gentlemen ſoon afterwards made their bows, leaving the friends to go again over the arguments reſpecting the Connaught maſquerade.

CHAP.

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CHAPTER XII.

It was on the evening of the 28th of April, that Charlemont, languiſhing under the effects of the fever, which had rendered him inſenſible to the dangers of a ſtormy voyage, reached the Britiſh head-quarters at Cateau. The ſurrender of Landrecy had re-animated the whole army; and, flushed with ſucceſs, new plans were ſuggeſting, and new operations commencing. The reinforcement, of which his regiment formed a part, had ſcarcely a moment given them to recover from their fatigues; they were immediately joined to the brigades under General Vyſe, and proceeded through the night, with the reſt of the troops, towards the camp at Famars.

Weak

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Weak in body, and broken in ſpirit, Charlemont, who had literally riſen from his bed, to undertake this march, found himſelf hardly able to proceed. He exerted himſelf, vainly, to ſtem the returning torrent of his diſorder; and when, at laſt, after two days ceaſeleſs fatigue, he ſaw himſelf in the night of the firſt of May, in a wretched village, between Valenciennes and St. Amand, where his faithful Dermot, with difficulty, procured him a bed, his exhauſted frame ſunk under it, and he woke, the next morning, in all his former delirium. A heavy rain, which fell during the greateſt part of the march, and penetrated every thing he wore, had brought on this return of a fever, which now threatened his life; the ſurgeon pronounced him in extreme danger. Being therefore releaſed from duty, he was ſoon afterwards lodged at Tournay, where

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where the new head-quarters were fixed, and where our army had already made a ſtrong encampment.

The care and humanity of the medical man that attended him, by degrees reſtored Charlemont to reaſon. After ten days confinement, he was able to leave his bed, and to profit by the gentle airs of May, which were now blowing around him; but his heart was wounded, paſt all cure. He yet loved the cruel creature that had abandoned him; he yet ſaw her in his dreams; yet mourned over her inconſtancy, and his own deception. The ſcene in which he was placed, preſented to him nothing but lamentable images; the towns and villages through which he had paſſed, were all covered with deſolation. A dreadful ſtillneſs reſted upon the whole country; his eyes were filled with ſights of horror, his ears with ſounds of deſtruction, and he

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he ſhuddered, when he thought that he had choſen ſuch a lot.

While he was yet under the care of his phyſician, a new detachment of infantry reached the Britiſh camp; amongſt theſe was Fitzpatrick.

Fatigued, waſted, covered with duſt, and pale with anxiety, Fitzpatrick ruſhed into the chamber of Charlemont. Charlemont ſcarcely knew him; but when he heard his voice, he welcomed him with tranſport; then remembering all that he had loſt, and all that Fitzpatrick muſt have relinquiſhed, he drew a deep ſigh, and ſunk into ſilence. The ſpirits of the once gay officer were not thoroughly ſubdued; he rallied himſelf into chearfulneſs, and proceeded to tell his friend all that had happened to him, ſince they parted at Killarney.

Charlemont would have aſked after Roſe; but her name, though aching in his

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his heart, did not rise to his lips. Fitzpatrick understood his looks, and mentioned, as if accidentally, his wife and her.

"And is she then in Dublin?" asked Charlemont, the blood forsaking his cheeks."—"Yes, she is with Flora." Charlemont got up hastily. "Come," said he, "let us go into the air; let us forget every one in Ireland. We are here to perform active duty, not to waste our time and our energies in unavailing regret. O Fitzpatrick! let me not again hear the name of a woman, of whom I ought no more to think." Thus speaking, he led his friend out. Fitzpatrick followed him in silence through the encampment, where the frequent and hearty welcomes, which the newly-arrived officers received, threw Charlemont into reflections upon the selfishness of our first emotions.

Every

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Every one was employed in preparing for ſome great blow, which the commander in chief was meditating, and which he intimated only by the important orders now iſſued: The third day after the arrival of the laſt detachment, the plan of the commander was developed. The army, divided into five parts, was to make a general aſſault upon the whole force of the enemy; and on the night of the 16th of May, the encampment was broken up, and the troops marched forwards to the deſtined object of their purſuit.

Charlemont, frantic at the inactivity to which his unfortunate malady had doomed him, inſiſted upon joining his company; but to this, neither his colonel nor the ſurgeon would conſent. The latter declaring that his life would pay the forfeit of ſuch impatience; and the former reproving him, for ſeeming only anxious

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anxious to die, nor ambitious to serve his country.

Fitzpatrick, who was in that part of the army, destined to force the enemy's posts at Lannoy, had taken a hasty farewell of his esteemed Charlemont. Animated with the military ardour, which he caught the instant of landing, he marched forwards with chearful presages of victory; leaving Charlemont to look mournfully upon the departing columns, which, marching in strict order, and profound silence, through the stillness of night, were only to be followed in thought, as the heavy sound of their arms and steps, came in regular returns upon the ear.

Excited by the desire of joining his gallant friend, Charlemont observed, religiously, all the commands of his surgeon, vigorously banishing from his mind every idea, but that of Fitzpatrick;

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whoſe ſafety, gratitude and affection rendered far dearer than his own. Eager to ſhare in his danger, and to adminiſter to his comfort, he neglected nothing that could expedite his own recovery. The accounts brought perpetually to Tournay, ſtill more augmented this anxiety. The column to which Fitzpatrick was attached, had taken Lannoy; and ruſhing with inconceivable rapidity upon the enemy at Roubaix, had entered that town in triumph, penetrating to one of their moſt important poſts, at the little village of Mauvaux. But whilſt theſe were carrying conqueſt and glory before them, the other columns were driven back from the paſſages of the river Marque, which they had attempted to force; and thoſe whoſe object had been to cut off the enemy's communication with Liſle, had been hotly repulſed, and were at length obliged to leave the be-

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fore victorious brigade expoſed to the troops, which poured out from that city.

Lannoy, Roubaix, Tourcoign, were all loſt as quickly as they had been won; and on the evening of the 18th, Charlemont learned that the army, compelled to abandon what it had coſt ſo much blood to acquire, had halted in the village of Blandin. His firſt enquiries were after Fitzpatrick; he was not wounded; and the gallantry with which he had endeavoured to ſtem the torrent of confuſion, that ruſhed upon the left flank of the army, upon ſeeing their picquets driven in, by the multitudes from Liſle, had recommended him ſtrongly to the commanding officer.

Charlemont was not of a nature to hear theſe eulogiums coldly, a ſpecies of virtuous envy kindled in his boſom; he refuſed to be any longer detained at Tournay; and aſſerting almoſt impa-

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ciently, that he was quite well, haſtened to join his friend in the camp at Blandin.

There, ſtill ſmarting with wounds, and ſpent with toil, the brave fellows, whom numbers only could conquer, were employed in throwing up redoubts, and planting cannon, to check the approach of the enemy. Charlemont eagerly ſought employment and ſociety, to baniſh from his thoughts thoſe torturing remembrances, which he cheriſhed a gloomy joy in thinking, would be ſoon ſilenced for ever.

Fitzpatrick, in high ſpirits, cauſed by the deſerved praiſes of his commander, breathed nothing but hope of victory; attributed the ill ſucceſs of the 18th, to the ſhameful flight of ſome ſquadrons of foreign huſſars, whoſe cowardice had thrown the line into diſorder; and congratulated Charlemont upon having come to ſhare with him in the honour of danger.

The

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The morning of the 22d, announced the intentions of the enemy. They advanced, by day-break, with all their force, and it was a tremendous one, in every direction. The right wing of the Britiſh army ſtretched along the river Scheldt, ſuſtained their vigorous attacks with firmneſs. Redoubts, which had been erected near the road, defended the center, and repulſed, with great ſlaughter, all that were deſperate enough to attempt a paſſage. The left flank, in which Charlemont and Fitzpatrick were ſtationed, had obſtinately kept the ground, which the enemy would have forced them to abandon; but ſix thouſand French having marched rapidly to the aſſiſtance of the republicans, towards evening the out-poſts were driven in, and the Britiſh, diſdaining to give way, charged with impetuous bravery, through columns of the foe.

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Charlemont, for the firſt time in his life, heard the roaring of artillery, and the cries of the dying, but he ſaw nothing. A thick ſmoke covered the awful image of the battle: alternately, a dreadful noiſe, which ſeemed to ſhake the univerſe, was ſucceeded by a tremendous ſtillneſs: The heart appeared to pauſe in theſe horrid intervals; and Charlemont, ſtanding encircled by blood and darkneſs, felt as if the laſt fearful hour were come upon man.

In one of the pauſes that had followed a repeated cannonading, he heard the voice of Fitzpatrick; it was calling on his name: For an inſtant he ſtood petrified and ſenſeleſs; then burſting into phrenzy, as the dreadful cry was repeated, plunged amid the thickeſt of the action.

The cannon roaring around, the cavalry charging paſt, and the ſwords gleaming,

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gleaming, like flashes of lightning, through the darkness of the night, were now unseen, unheard, unfelt by Charlemont. He rushed wildly forwards, streaming with blood, and covered with gashes, to the assistance of his friend. The voice had long ceased; but his own echoing, with more than mortal power through the field, was at length answered by a faint sound.

In a momentary suspension of the firing, Charlemont saw his friend. He was lying weltering in blood, under a horse and a brother-officer that had been shot over him. Charlemont, with that strength which only agony could inspire, drew the now lifeless body from the heap of slain, and supporting it upon one arm, whilst, with the other, he cut his way through, bore it off towards the camp.

He staid but a moment, to wring, with

grief, the cold hand of his poor friend, and then hurried back into the action. Some fleſh-wounds which he had received from the cuts of a ſabre, were painful, yet not dangerous; he did not think of them for an inſtant, but ruſhing into the midſt of ſome light infantry, who were engaged in tearing away the colours from a young enſign, he flung himſelf before them, and ſaved the honour of the regiment. As he was defending himſelf with his ſword againſt one of theſe men, a ball ſtruck him, and he dropped, as if killed by lightning.

The roar of artillery and muſketry continued long after Charlemont fell; at length total darkneſs cloſed over the ſcene, and the enemy retired, leaving nine thouſand of their beſt ſoldiers dead on the field. So fierce a battle, and ſo complete a victory, were ſcarcely ever known; the troops remained under arms

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arms till morning dawned, when it was found that their own loſs had been inconſiderable, and that they had beaten the enemy entirely off the ground. Amongſt the mountains of mingled ſlain, Charlemont was diſcovered at day-break unable to ſpeak, but ſtill breathing; the freſh breezes of morning had brought back that life which ſeemed at firſt to have guſhed out, with the ſea of blood by which he was ſurrounded. The ball had entered his right ſide, and was extracted with difficulty; he ſwooned during the operation, and it was not until he recovered from the effects of a powerful opiate on the enſuing day, that he recollected, or could aſk after Fitzpatrick.

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CHAPTER XIII.

INFORMATION of a victory gained by the Prince of Orange, upon the Sambre, had been circulated, from excellent private authority, through Dublin; and as it ſtill further ſtrengthened the flattering hopes, which began to prevail, of a ſpeedy termination to the war, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, after much reluctance, yielded to the entreaties of her mother, and went with her and Roſe to the Ducheſs of Connaught's.

Their plain dominos, for ſome time, ſkreened them from any attacks, but at laſt they ſeparated in the crowd; and Roſe, having unthinkingly taken off her maſk, whilſt ſhe drank a glaſs of lemonade, found herſelf immediately followed, by a perſon in the dreſs of a conjuror.

This

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This maſk, pulling her by the ſleeve, whiſpered, "I am a magician, child! and if you wiſh to hear of any lover abroad, I can tell you all that you deſire."

Roſe was at firſt ſtartled by this ſalutation; but ſpeedily recollecting herſelf, anſwered, with great unconcern, "I have no lover abroad, and I have no queſtions to aſk."

"You cannot deceive me," replied the maſk, in an agitated voice, "there is a man in Holland whom you were once going to marry."

Roſe, overwhelmed with the dreadful remembrances which this ſentence occaſioned, tried to diſengage herſelf from the hold of the conjuror, and to mingle in the ground; the maſk held her arm. "Tell me," ſaid the perſon, in a voice ſtill more agitated, "do you not love this man?—Do you not, at ſome future period, intend to become his wife?"

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Roſe, for a moment, found a wild fancy poſſeſs her brain. She almoſt believed that Charlemont had returned from abroad, and was at that inſtant addreſſing her. "No," ſaid ſhe, rapidly, while her voice was broken by emotion, "I cannot be indifferent to his future conduct through life, but I will never ſee him more." The maſk preſt her hand. "Be firm in this; remember that you ought to be firm. You have no right, Roſe, to diſpoſe of yourſelf; you have a mother." Phrenſied with this ſentence, Roſe convulſively graſped the hand which was haſtily relinquiſhing her's—"O Heaven! do *you* know my mother! Tell me, I beſeech you, who ſhe is! where ſhe is!—Have I ever ſeen her?" The ſobs, burſting from her overcharged heart, ſeemed to affect the perſon ſhe addreſſed. The voice ſoftened, from its aſſumed harſhneſs, to that of a woman's—"You affect

affect me Roſe! go. I know little of your parents, but I warn you not to marry, till you learn who they are."

There was an emotion in the manner of this ſtranger, which contradicted her words. Roſe ſtill more violently graſped her hand. "You, you, are my mother," ſhe exclaimed, drawing her almoſt to her breaſt, "Oh, tell me if I am right! Oh, give me but one happy moment, by hearing you bleſs me." The lady puſhed her gently away; her voice became almoſt ſuffocated, by ſome ſtrong emotion, as ſhe replied, "Aſk no queſtions; I will anſwer none. I only charge you not to marry without the conſent of your parents."

With ſome indignation Roſe let the hand of the ſtranger drop from her's. "Well, madam, I obey your commands; I will penetrate no further, but I give you no promiſe of remaining ſingle, till my

my cruel parents find it convenient to tell me to whom I belong. If they would rely upon the honour and affection of their child, by truſting to her that ſecret in which *ſhe* only is intereſted, and which ſhe would preſerve at the hazard of her life, then they might diſpoſe of her fate as their own hearts would dictate. Whoever you are, madam! be aſſured of this, that until my father and mother acknowledge their right in me, I ſhall never look beyond the authority of my preſent benevolent protector." As ſhe concluded, ſhe broke away from the myſterious ſtranger, and hurried into an inner room.

Roſe had ſcarcely thrown herſelf upon a ſeat, before ſhe repented the precipitancy with which ſhe had acted. Never, until this period, had ſhe met with any one who knew the ſecret of her birth, and yet ſtung by affectionate indignation, ſhe

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ſhe had voluntarily fled from the information it ſeemed to promiſe. Riſing as this thought darted acroſs her mind, ſhe puſhed through the crowd, and proceeded in eager ſearch of the maſk.

Moving rapidly through the long ſuite of rooms, ſhe paſſed Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Bellingham, who were ſitting in a retired ſeat with the lady of the houſe. She whiſpered a few words as ſhe went on, leaving them deceived with the idea that ſhe was enjoying pleaſure, whilſt, in reality, ſhe was on the rack of anxiety.

The conjuror had diſappeared, and Roſe, fatigued with expectation, at laſt relinquiſhed the ſearch, wildly hoping that the threat which ſhe had held out to this myſterious ſtranger, would force her parents to acknowledge to her their right over her actions. After the declaration ſhe had made, if they did not do this,

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this, they could have no hearts, and she would think it her duty to forget their existence. A party of masks now surrounded her; they were principally men, and most of them addressed her in vehement strains of admiration. Amongst these, Lord Bindon made himself disagreeably conspicuous: his unlicensed protestations of affection, which a few glasses of champagne had rendered unusually indiscreet, confused and displeased Rose, at that time she was too self-occupied to listen attentively to any thing.

Unable to reply with raillery, or to repulse compliment by unconcern, she found, with disgust, that the whole business of a masquerade is to make love; at least, to prostitute that term, by every man applying it to every woman, whose eyes, mouth, and figure, promise a handsome toute ensemble.

Wearied with admiration, and heart-

sick

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ſick with diſappointment, ſhe forcibly broke from the gentlemen, and hiding herſelf amongſt the motley crowd, made her way into a little anti-chamber, where a few maſks were ſeated in detached groupes. Upon one of the ſofas ſhe ſaw Miſs OBrien yawning, as Lord Bindon *emphatically* obſerved, like a tame lioneſs. Roſe took a ſeat beſide her, and entering into immediate converſation, did not, for ſome time, hear or ſee any thing which paſſed at the other end of the room. In a pauſe of their diſcourſe, ſhe looked acroſs, and ſaw a gentleman in the habit of a Mexican, and a lady in that of a veſtal, cloſely converſing. At that moment a domino, without his maſk, entered; it was Lord Roſcommon. At ſight of him, the two characters haſtily ſeparated; and his Lordſhip dropping his maſk, through agitation, followed them out.

" With

"With all his jealouſy, ſhe will be too much for him," ſaid a voice behind Miſs de Blaquiere.

"What do you mean?" aſked his companion who was in the character of a Spaniard—"you don't think, the Mexican was Malden?"—

"I don't think, but I know it;" returned the other, whoſe voice declared him to be Colonel Ormond—"I was with him when he ordered the dreſs. And as to my Lady Roſcommon, I ſaw her get out of her carriage not ten minutes ago."

This information was a cordial to the ſpirits of Roſe; it convinced her that Lady Roſcommon was not the myſterious ſtranger, and that conſequently ſhe might diſmiſs all fear, of being indebted for her exiſtence to that profligate woman. The converſation behind her,

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her, was reſumed by the gentleman in the Spaniſh dreſs.

"Have you heard the bad news that have juſt arrived?"—

"News!" repeated the Colonel—"if bad, I hope not from our army."—

"Faith," returned his companion, "I have but juſt come from the Lord Lieutenant's, and I heard there, that we have had a moſt confounded battle, and have bought victory at a very high rate."

"Good heaven! is this true? did you hear who was wounded?"

"Yes: I heard that our old friend Kerr has loſt his leg—and Lord Roſcommon's ſon Felix Charlemont, is mortally wounded.—Fitzpatrick, poor fellow, is killed."

"O God!" burſting from the lips of Roſe, interrupted the ſpeaker:—"ſhe fell, ſtunned upon the arm of the ſofa.

Colonel

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Colonel Ormond throwing off his maſk, haſtened to her aſſiſtance, at the ſame time conjuring his friend to faſten the door. "Miſs de Blaquiere," he exclaimed, throwing himſelf at her feet, and catching her cold arm—"it is falſe—it is report—I am ſure it is." Roſe unable to ſpeak, though too dreadfully awake for inſenſibility, could only motion him to ſilence: a deep groan eſcaped her. Miſs OBrien, whoſe drowſineſs had prevented her from knowing the cauſe of this, would have hurried to call Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but Colonel Ormond with humane conſideration would not ſuffer it. His friend had locked the door, and already had advanced to the ſofa.

After a long and awful ſilence, Roſe at length looked up; her maſk, which had fallen off, diſcovered her pale and dreadful countenance: ſhe had reſigned herſelf

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herſelf to miſery with a gloomy ſort of ſubmiſſion, but ſhe trembled for her friend.

"Is it true ſir," ſhe cried, addreſſing the Spaniard—"are you certain that Captain Fitzpatrick is killed?"

The gentleman turned away his eyes, he heſitated and Colonel Ormond with benevolent eagerneſs, anticipated his anſwer. "He cannot be certain Miſs de Blaquiere—it was but report, even at the Caſtle:—for heaven's ſake compoſe yourſelf—to ſee you unhappy, is agony to me." Roſe had not time to perceive the impaſſioned tenderneſs of Ormond's manner; ſhe put her hand to her head; "Don't deceive me ſir—don't deceive me. I feel your goodneſs, but I muſt know the truth. O how ſhall I tell this to my dear Flora! anſwer me Sir, for pity's ſake! Is this true?"

The

The gentleman much moved tried to ſpeak: "I lament moſt deeply madam, while I confeſs that this information does ſeem correct. It came this night officially to the Lord Lieutenant, the perſon that brought it, having ſet off from the Engliſh camp the inſtant the battle was decided. Captain Fitzpatrick was killed, and a Mr. Charlemont."—Roſe interrupted him with horror.—"Stop! ſtop Sir! I have heard enough." She pauſed, and covering her face, ſtood for ſome time ſtruggling with agony; then removing the handkerchief from her tearleſs eyes, and replacing her maſk, ſhe ſaid—"Now gentlemen—will you go with me to my friend; and will you all promiſe not to let her know any thing of this?" This promiſe was rapidly given; Roſe haſtily led the way, and puſhing through the crowd into the ball-room, endeavoured to make towards the

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the place where ſhe had laſt ſeen Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

O! how ſhocking! how inhuman ſeemed now, the mirth of theſe ſplendid rooms! the gaudy glare of light, the repeated laughter, the muſic, and the dancers, were all horrid to her: her thoughts wildly fixed upon the dead Fitzpatrick, and the dying Charlemont, deemed every thing elſe, almoſt impious.

Upon a ſolitary ſofa, ſhe found Mrs. Bellingham and her daughter: a placid ſmile ſat upon the lips of the latter. Roſe drew back; tears for the firſt time, guſhed from her eyes, ſhe whiſpered Colonel Ormond, to ſtand a few minutes, while ſhe recovered herſelf. When Mrs. Fitzpatrick perceived her, ſhe rallied her, upon her enjoyment of a maſquerade, and inquired where ſhe had been.

"O!

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"O! I have been liſtening to nonſenſe till I am wearied, and talking it, till I am aſhamed;" replied ſhe, "indeed I am ſo truly tired, that I am come to you, on purpoſe to beg we may go home."

"I have been longing to get away for theſe two hours, ſaid Mrs. Fitzpatrick riſing.—Colonel Ormond, do be charitable and ſee us to our carriage."

The Colonel eagerly acquieſced, and his friend bowing to Mrs. Bellingham gave his arm to her and Roſe, and led them down ſtairs.

As the carriage drove rapidly along the ſtreets, Roſe diſtracted with apprehenſions for her friend, knew not what plan of conduct to adopt: ſometimes by the lights of a paſſing carriage, ſhe ſaw the ſerene countenance of the unconſcious Flora, and a pang which none but a friend can feel, ſeemed to ſtab her,

as

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as ſhe gazed. Bewildered and trembling, ſhe complained of a head-ache as ſoon as they were ſet down in Merrion Square, and propoſed their inſtant ſeparation for the night. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, exceſſively fatigued, took her candle without any ſuſpicions, and retired to her chamber. Roſe watched with breathleſs anxiety till the maid quitted her, and then certain that ſhe was in bed, ſtepped ſoftly to Mrs. Bellingham's apartment, who had fortunately conſented to ſleep that night at her daughter's.

"I have ſomething to tell you madam!" ſaid Roſe faintly and taking a ſeat. Mrs. Bellingham's woman curtſied and withdrew. Her miſtreſs, ſtartled by the manner of this addreſs, looked fearfully up; Roſe with a beating heart, pale countenance and parched lips, ſat unable to execute the taſk which ſhe had

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aſſigned herſelf. She loved Fitzpatrick too affectionately to ſummon fortitude enough to mention his death with compoſure. Mrs. Bellingham haſtily bent forward to look at her.

"Good Heaven! what is the matter?" ſaid ſhe, "you have heard ſome fatal tidings of our dear Henry;" grief ſtifled the voice of this reſpectable mother: Roſe, overpowered by affliction, burſt into tears. Mrs. Bellingham caught her arm. "You do not ſpeak to me? he is dead then! and my Flora's heart will be broken."

Roſe could not yet anſwer. Her convulſive ſobs and tears ſpoke but too plain a language. Mrs. Bellingham fell on her knees. She did not ſpeak; but her raiſed hands and eyes ſeemed to aſk that ſtrength from above, which ſhe feared nothing elſe could beſtow. When ſhe got up from the ground, a

ſad

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ſad converſation took place. It was determined that Fitzpatrick's death ſhould be kept from the knowledge of his wife; that in order to render this poſſible, Mrs. Bellingham ſhould make a pretence to go out of town, and invite her daughter to be of the party. Till then, Roſe was to manage to ſee all the people who might call, and caution them to ſilence; ſince in no other way could Mrs. Fitzpatrick learn the dreadful account, all newſpapers having been prohibited, from the day of her huſband's departure.

Mrs. Bellingham thought that until the official intelligence had been confirmed, they ought not to agonize her daughter, by relating what might at laſt perhaps be found untrue. Roſe had no hopes of that kind: but ſhe long wiſhed to preſerve for her friend even one

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peaceful moment, and was convinced that to tell her, after a long ſilence from Holland had awakened ſome fear, would be leſs afflicting than to burſt with it upon her now, while hope and chearfulneſs ſeemed again to re-animate her ſoul. As ſoon as this melancholy arrangement had been made, Roſe hurried to her own room, where ſhe locked the door, and gave a looſe to all the anguiſh ſhe had hitherto reſtrained.

It was now, that ſhe felt authorized to weep for herſelf: ſhe had faithfully diſcharged every duty to friendſhip, and even the moſt rigorous heroiſm could not have blamed her for the exceſs of ſorrow to which ſhe then abandoned her heart. Charlemont, mortally wounded, was by that time dead: he was already laid for ever in a diſtant land. He had died far from her; he had died without receiving her pardon, without knowing

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knowing that ſhe would never love another: at that moment, the cold rain which was driving againſt her window, was perhaps beating upon his dark and lonely grave. The dreadful ſhoot of conviction, which over and over again ſeems to electrify afreſh the heart of ſorrow, paſſed like ice through hers. She unconſciouſly uttered a cry, and ſunk upon the floor; tears poured in torrents over her cheeks.

"He is dead!" ſhe cried, wringing her hands, and ſtarting from the ground, "and I ſhall now, never, never ſee him more. O! why can I not at this moment throw myſelf on his grave, and break my wretched heart with the ſight of it?—He could not have been ſo guilty as I thought he was! Oh! if I had but told him of that ſtrange woman—" Sobs ſuffocated her words; ſhe ſunk upon her knees, ſhe would have

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prayed, but the prayers died on her lips: no thought diſtracted her ſoul, no object filled her eyes, but that of Charlemont. She ſhould never ſee him more—he was dead.—This dreadful idea took entire poſſeſſion of her, and rendered her, for a time almoſt inſane.

Never again to meet in this world; how had they parted? With gloomy abhorrence on her ſide, with love and remorſe on his. Alas! whatever had been his faults, he had loved her: what would ſhe not have given then, at that inſtant, to have ſeen, once more, the man ſhe had formerly beheld with horror?

In the morning, when Mrs. Bellingham roſe, and entered Miſs de Blaquiere's room, ſhe found her in a high fever. Roſe, who thought it poſſible that ſhe might have taken cold, and was reluctant to confeſs that grief had made her ill, acknowledged that ſhe had not ſlept all night,

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night, and that she found herself too unwell to quit her bed.

Mrs. Bellingham immediately sent for a physician, gave the servants orders to deny the family to any person that might call, and went to tell her daughter of Miss de Blaquiere's indisposition. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, soon after, hastened to her friend; she was shocked to see her look pale, though Rose affected to be in tolerable spirits, and, pretending drowsiness, begged to be left to herself.

The fever, which lasted five days, furnished Mrs. Bellingham with an excuse for wishing her daughter to return into the country before the birth-day. She had already obtained from Mr. Bellingham permission to leave him for some time; as the news printed in every paper had convinced them how necessary it was that Mrs. Fitzpatrick should be removed out of its reach.

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Roſe, greatly weakened by this ſhort but violent illneſs, joyfully accorded to the propoſal of leaving Dublin: and, upon the ſixth day after the fatal maſquerade, found herſelf again an inhabitant of Liſburne-hall. There, the profound quiet, the ſtill groves, the ſolitary walks, all conſpired to ſoothe her perturbed mind: again ſhe was able to ſtruggle againſt her own ſorrows, and to watch aſſiduouſly over the peace of her friend.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick though told that no packets had arrived, yet grew painfully uneaſy; and Roſe convulſed with the conteſt between fortitude and weakneſs, was often obliged to exert almoſt ſupernatural ſtrength, to enable her to ſucceed in concealing the melancholy truth.

When they had been a week at Liſburn-hall, (during which time, frequent meſſages were ſent by the attentive Colonel

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Colonel Ormond,) Roſe was ſurpriſed in the ſitting parlour, by the entrance of Mr. Barry. She had been ſeeking to baniſh miſery by reading: but the book, which fell in her way, happening to be a volume of Collins, redoubled her grief; and leaning over his beautiful ode on the death of Colonel Charles Roſs, ſhe had literally deluged it with tears; on the appearance of Mr. Barry, ſhe ſtarted up, and haſtily wiped her eyes: it was with difficulty ſhe could bid him be ſeated.

Mr. Barry in an uncommon flutter of ſpirits immediately obeyed. He drew a letter from his pocket. "Pardon me," he ſaid, with graceful heſitation—"for perhaps I am going to take an unjuſtifiable liberty with you: but I believe you are intereſted about a gentleman in Holland. I have juſt received

this letter from thence, and his name is mentioned in it:—"

An anxious paleneſs covered the face of Roſe; ſhe bent eagerly forward—"Is it Mr. Charlemont?" the name half expired upon her lips.

"Yes, his wound is not mortal; he is recovering."

A bright crimſon ſucceeded to the paleneſs of Roſe—ſhe claſped her hands and ejaculated a fervent thankſgiving. Barry got up.

"My commiſſion is now executed. Would to heaven! that I could have added to it, any happy intelligence of poor Fitzpatrick."

The eyes of Roſe became moiſt: "and is his death mentioned in your letter?"—"No, my friend ſpeaks of no one but Mr. Charlemont. I had always heard, that he was much eſteemed by your uncle, that you were educated together,

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gether, and therefore (he ſtammered as he ſpoke,) and therefore I ſuppoſed, that you would be happy to hear a refutation of the firſt report."

Roſe riſing from her ſeat with a modeſt firmneſs, turned towards him, "you have perhaps heard more, Mr. Barry; and I owe you peculiar gratitude for doing me the juſtice to think, that what I once thought worthy of admiration, eſteem, and affection, I could never be wholly indifferent to; believe me, the recollection of this kindneſs will never forſake me. I am Mr. Charlemont's friend in the fulleſt ſenſe of that word, for I ſee his defects, yet truly value his virtues; and to know that he lives, has made me, I do not bluſh to ſay it, moſt ſincerely thankful."

Barry having learnt from Mr. Carysfort the narrative of Miſs de Blaquiere's engagement, and remembering the agitation

tation which Carysfort's inquiries on the Parade, occaſioned in her, did indeed do Roſe the juſtice to believe, that ſhe could never be inſenſible to the fate of the man, with whom ſhe would once have united her own. He now reſpectfully took her hand, and beaming his benign eyes full upon her, ſaid, "you have always intereſted me greatly; wherever you go, I ſhall never loſe ſight of your eſtimable character. I would tell you, how much you affect and pleaſe me, but you would think me a flatterer perhaps, and I ſhould know, that I had not uttered half what you deſerve. Farewell!"—He preſſed her hand with more fervour, than his generally-reſtrained manner often permitted, and directly afterward left the houſe.

The foreign letter laid by him on the table was eagerly ſeized by Roſe. She threw her eye greedily over it, and ſeeing

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ing the name ſhe ſought, read the following paragraph:—

"You remember that Mr. Charlemont, whom we met with in England laſt ſpring; he has behaved glorioufly here. I ſaw him on the 22d, in the hotteſt of the action. Though covered with wounds, and exhauſted by the remains of a fever, which attacked him during the voyage, he never left the field, till he was brought off in the morning wounded, as we ſuppoſed, mortally; however he is now better; the wound is a bad one, though I rejoice to ſay *not* mortal."

Plentiful ſhowers of tears bathed this ſoothing letter. Roſe acknowledged, with pious gratitude, all that ſhe owed to the merciful hand that had yet ſpared him, while at the ſame time this ſketch of his ſufferings, and his gallant conduct, pained and penetrated her ſoul. But, alas! the brightneſs of her own happineſs

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neſs was ſoon overcaſt; the good, the affectionate Fitzpatrick, was indeed no more! She put the locket, which contained his hair, ſorrowfully to her lips; and his gay figure, his ſmiling countenance, full of youth and pleaſure, ſeemed to riſe before her.

While ſhe was ſtanding where Barry had left her, alternately the moſt afflicted and the moſt grateful of human beings, a ſervant entered to inquire for his miſtreſs. "She is not here James," ſaid Roſe, haſtily turning from him, to hide her tears. "Ma'm, I think, I hope, if I may be ſo bold," ſaid the ſervant, in a faultering voice, "that it is a letter from my maſter. It's from abroad ma'm."

Roſe did not hear the laſt words, ſhe ſprung forward, and ſnatching the letter from the man, ſaw that it was indeed the writing of Fitzpatrick, and dated on the outſide the 25th of May.

Enfeebled

Enfeebled by ſickneſs, miſery, and joy, Roſe could not ſupport this new ſurpriſe; ſhe preſſed the paper to her heart, with a loud ſhriek, and dropped upon the ground. On recovering, ſhe found herſelf in the arms of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who could not articulate for tears, but whoſe eloquent eyes ſhone with a ſenſe of paſt ſorrow, and preſent happineſs.

Mrs. Bellingham, with the open letter in her hand, was alternately reading, and putting it to her lips; ſhe firſt anſwered the inquiring look of Roſe.

"He is alive, my dear girl," ſaid ſhe, "he is coming back to us." The heart of Roſe was oppreſſed with joy; ſhe flung herſelf upon the neck of her dear Flora, who ſtrained her with added love to her breaſt, and they mingled their tears together.

The

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The precious letter was then given to Roſe; it had been firſt read by Mrs. Bellingham, whom the ſervant had called to the aſſiſtance of Miſs de Blaquiere; and while the houſekeeper was adminiſtering to her, Mrs. Bellingham had haſtened to impart to her daughter, firſt, that Fitzpatrick was alive, and then the dreadful rumour, which they had with ſo much difficulty kept from her ear. The letter contained theſe words:

"I am ſafe, my deareſt Flora, and ſhall return to you very ſoon. A troubleſome, but not at all dangerous wound, received in the battle of the 22d, has, thank Heaven, given me an opportunity of quitting this horrible country. As ſoon as we reach a convenient place, I ſhall embark with Charlemont, and two other officers, for our dear native land.

"The firſt account, which I underſtand included

included me amongſt the killed, has not, I hope, reached you. This fatal miſtake was occaſioned by a confounded fainting-fit, that laſted me for above an hour, and in which I was lying, when our meſſenger left camp.

"Beloved creature! my heart is, and always will be, full of you. Your image, and that of my mother, have never been abſent from it a moment. Heaven protect you, and bleſs alſo our kind Roſe, whom, I truſt, I ſhall find ſtill in Dublin.

"*I* cannot tell you, but your own heart will, how much I am

"Your moſt affectionate,

"Moſt devoted huſband,

"H. FITZPATRICK."

As Roſe returned this ſhort epiſtle into the hands of Flora, that amiable young creature, penetrated with a ſenſe of what ſhe owed to her friendſhip, preſſed

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preſſed her again and again to her boſom, called her by every endearing epithet, and alternately looking upon her and her mother, proteſted, that ſince her Henry's life was ſpared, ſhe would not grieve, though he might return with all the dreadful alterations, which are too often the conſequences of valour.

Meſſengers were immediately diſpatched to Dublin and to Killarney; the one to inform Mr. Bellingham of the happy news, the other to terminate the affliction of the Dowager Mrs. Fitzpatrick, to whom Roſe had written the very day after the maſquerade, carefully telling her of the ſad report, but at the ſame time ſuggeſting the poſſibility of its inaccuracy.

Poor Mrs. Fitzpatrick had found comforters in Mr. ONiel, and his good ſiſter. They had brought her directly to Caſtle-Connel, where ſhe was ſtaying,

involved

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involved in the deepeſt diſtreſs, when the courier from Liſburne arrived.

The news of Fitzpatrick's ſafety, was followed by the wildeſt expreſſions of joy from his mother; and Mr. ONiel, participating in her rapture, enjoyed a very ſolid ſatisfaction, in hearing that Charlemont was not mortally wounded. Mr. ONiel's heart was gentle, even to weakneſs; and now, in ſpite of all his reaſonings upon the ſubject, he found that the paternal affection which he had nouriſhed ſo many years for Felix, was indeed like that of a father, fond, forgiving, and unextinguiſhable.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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